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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is difficult to guess what the managers of the Radical party thought would be gained by the meeting at the Reform Club. These party meetings, whether at a club or the Foreign Office, rarely effect anything. The procedure is always the same. The leader makes a speech; a couple of "bonnets", carefully selected beforehand, propose and second a resolution of confidence; the most prominent dissentients express their pained surprise at having been suspected of disloyalty; and the meeting separates without anybody being a bit the wiser. It is probable that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman insisted on the summoning of this meeting, for there is a feminine element in Sir Henry's constitution which is only to be satisfied by cheers and compliments, even when he knows them to be insincere.

If the Reform Club meeting effected anything immediate, it accentuated the disunion of the Radical party, for until the two wings are agreed at least about the cause of their differences, there is not much chance of harmony. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman ascribes their differences to "paltry jealousies and schemings". He said, "we are divided, not on account of real divergencies of opinion, but because of the operation of certain personal antagonisms". Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, haughtily dissipated this "miasma of suspicion" as "a ridiculous fiction", and was joined by Sir Edward Grey in ascribing their differences to convictions too deep to be suppressed. Who is in the right? We think that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's reading of the situation is womanish and unworthy of a serious statesman, for he has no personal enemies, and the conspirators against whom he thrusts are phantoms. We believe that the explanation of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey is the right one, and that the day for "ambiguous formulæ" and golden bridges is passed. On the whole there is not much doubt that while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a semblance of advantage at this meeting, the honours really went to Mr. Asquith. That is certainly the feeling in the Liberal party.

The weekly Unionist paper which gives the Liberal party a new leader, whenever the Liberal leadership question becomes at all acute, would seem to have

gone the length of its tether. First, so far as we remember, it appointed Sir Edward Grey. After an interval Sir Henry Fowler was chosen, only to be deposed in favour of Mr. Asquith: and now Mr. Asquith in his turn has been set aside, and, in the place which was his for a week or so, Sir Edward Grey reinstated. The prize is large, but the conditions, laid down in such heavy fatherly fashion, are in this case hard if not positively offensive. Sir Edward must "frankly and finally throw over the policy of Home Rule in any shape and form". We do not know whether the writer of this solemn stuff has forgotten or whether he has never known that Sir Edward Grey is a firm believer in self-government for the Irish people. As it happens Sir Edward is one of the few who are really Home Rulers by conviction.

If any section of the community has suffered more than another from the Transvaal war it is the City, including under that term not only the Stock Exchange, but bankers, merchants and manufacturers. The large borrowings necessitated by the demands of the War Office, and the feeling that we have not seen the last of the loans, are a wet blanket upon all kinds of business. This makes the Lord Mayor's meeting at the Guildhall in support of the war all the more creditable to those concerned, for their militant enthusiasm is plainly disinterested. It was this fact which gave its chief interest to the gathering on Wednesday, for no one expected to get much light or leading from the speeches delivered; with all deference to such worthy citizens as Mr. Alban Gibbs, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Mr. Benjamin Cohen and Sir G. Faudel-Phillips. The truth is we are all sick of the war, but know that we must see it through. Might we not be spared speeches in the commonplace Rule Britannia vein, especially whilst this heat lasts?

The war record has been scantier than usual; there have been various small successes, including the capture of a Boer laager at Enselsberg on 3 July and of the notorious Boer leader Barkhuizen on 5 July. Lord Kitchener's weekly report details the killing of forty Boers, the wounding of twenty-seven, the surrender of twenty-one, and the taking of 182 prisoners, together with quantities of ammunition and supplies. The interest in the campaign has been retrospective. The whole truth about the shooting of wounded British soldiers at Vlakkfontein will not be clear until Lord Kitchener has the evidence on oath which he is now collecting. Meantime the action, or rather inaction of the Government, is inexplicable. They allowed the Commander-in-Chief's denial to go forth, but deemed it expedient to suppress his subsequent qualification.

Lord Kitchener's dispatch of 8 May, published on Tuesday, carries on in detail the official story of the war down to that date. It is a long list of minor engagements and strategic movements which convey an idea of strenuous activity and vigilance in many directions hopelessly confusing to anyone called upon to grasp them as a whole. There were the operations against De Wet, Kruitzing, and others in Cape Colony; of Generals French, Rundle and Blood in the North and East; of General Plumer farther North; of Lord Methuen and others in the West. The troops engaged in this great game of hide-and-seek must be as tired of the war as are the Government and people at home. But there is no appearance of staleness in their movements. On the contrary, the spirit shown by generals and men alike is as doggedly determined now as it was a year ago when it was hoped that a few bold strokes would end the war.

Few more remarkable examples of the art of fabrication have ever appeared in Blue Book form than the Boer documents captured by Sir Bindon Blood and published with the Kitchener-Botha correspondence just issued. Botha and De Wet explained to the burghers still in arms that peace was impossible because the British Government were determined to destroy the Afrikaner race—whatever that may be—and refused to consider the question of autonomy. Whilst that perversion was in process of propagation, Botha requested Lord Kitchener to give him facilities for sending envoys to Europe to discuss these impossible conditions—a device no doubt for tiding over the winter. He was granted permission instead to cable to Mr. Kruger whose reply was to the effect that he had great hopes of a satisfactory end of the long struggle. Meantime "proper provision was being made not only for the wives and children of the fighting burghers but for the prisoners of war"!

The gem of the collection is the document relating to De Wet's invasion of Cape Colony. It supplied many excellent reasons why the campaign should be persisted in more vigorously than ever. "Cape Colony has risen to a man", the Colonies were demanding the recall of their troops "owing to the great cost of the war", and "France is ready to land troops in England on November 1st". One can but wonder to what invention De Wet had recourse to explain his hasty and not altogether triumphant return across the Orange River. Possibly he comforted the Boers with the assurance that having captured Cape Colony he had retired after duly garrisoning the points of strategic importance.

If there had been no war in South Africa, the achievement of Sir James Willcocks in the latest Ashanti campaign would have commanded a much larger share of attention than it has received. By presenting him with a sword of honour and the freedom of the City, the Corporation has made itself the fitting exponent of views which are not wholly manufactured in the street or in the daily press. To have relieved Kumasi with a handful of black men—a thousand all told—and to have fought a series of successful engagements with a little army of 4,000 and ended the war in three months was a feat worthy of the highest traditions of British officers who have to rely entirely on native levies. Soldiers of colour more than any others are good, bad or indifferent according as they are well, badly or indifferently led. It was characteristic of Sir James Willcocks that he should give credit for whatever was done to his dusky followers and their white officers, but if their opinion on the subject could be taken we should no doubt learn that their pluck and endurance would have counted for little apart from brilliant generalship.

Fashoda, so far as the genuine emotions of the French people are concerned, is as dead as "revanche" for Sedan; but the Nationalists have been trying hard for the past week or two to make its ghost walk in order to serve their own purposes. One French newspaper gave recently what purported to be some portions of the table-talk of the late M. Félix Faure. The ex-President is said to have declared that Marchand did not go to

Fashoda at all from any design; that it was quite a surprise for the French Government, and that the sudden wave of feeling in France in regard to the Fashoda affair found them in a tight fix. War with England seemed imminent: France was not prepared for such a war, and the Government was compelled, in order to put the country on something like a war footing, to raise between seventy and eighty million francs by unconstitutional methods. The Nationalists have seized upon this alleged confession of the late President as a stick good enough to beat the Government with, and are still making play with it. But the incident is of no great gravity, and M. de Blowitz' impertinences are uncalled for. There is however one fact that the affair has brought to light which is worth noting—Great Britain is evidently not the only Great Power during the last few years which, ill equipped for a great war, has been compelled to arm in a desperate hurry.

Prince Hohenlohe, the third of the German Imperial Chancellors, has not long survived his retirement which took place in October 1900. He had held his office as Imperial Chancellor for six years, but for a considerable time before he retired his failing bodily and mental powers had made his part in affairs quite nominal, and his successor Count von Bülow was quietly being entrusted with the duties of the office he now holds. The Prince was the least characteristic personality in the list of strong and capable men who have held the Chancellorship, but it happened that his aristocratic insouciance and scholarly detachment (he was a deeply read student of philosophy) were qualities exactly suited to the conciliatory policy required in the imbroglio of German politics at the time of Count von Caprivi's retirement. The advantages the Prince enjoyed seem to have included the friendship of M. de Blowitz who relates, apropos of the famous Kruger telegram, that the Prince informed him that the Emperor's telegram was sent spontaneously without consultation with ministers, and that if the Emperor had known that Jameson had so many sons of respectable English families with him he would not have sent the telegram. Thus is a little knowledge often a dangerous thing in politics as elsewhere.

Great anxiety has been felt in India on account of the arrested development of the south-west monsoon, which at one time promised well. Doubts have even been expressed whether outbursts first recorded on the Malabar coast and at Bombay were the true monsoon or only due to local currents. Unfortunately the deficiency occurred in the affected tracts in Western and Central India which have suffered from the drought of the past two years. The south-east monsoon seems to have developed fairly in Bengal and Burma. Northern India had remained without rain sufficient for agricultural purposes and the situation there was rapidly becoming critical. The latest reports however are reassuring. The western monsoon seems to be establishing itself and spreading north. Good rain has at last fallen in the afflicted districts of the west and centre of the peninsula and has now spread to the North-West Provinces, Central India and Rajputana. Late rains are not necessarily bad rains and there is yet time for a prosperous season if the present development is properly sustained. Any serious or extensive failure would be an unspeakable calamity.

The doubts expressed last week concerning the real character of the so-called Thibetan Mission to St. Petersburg seem in a fair way to be verified. It is now stated that the Mission consists chiefly of Chinese and Russians or Russianised Thibetans and that its objects are religious not political. It is perhaps permissible further to conjecture that it may have its origin in the intrigues which surround that pageant spiritual ruler called the Dalai Lama who lives in an atmosphere unfavourable to old age. It would suit Russia very well to establish at Lhasa a party favourable to its objects and use the influence so obtained in its dealings with the Suzerain Government at Peking. But the Thibetans are patriotic in their own peculiar way and the intrusion of foreigners will be no easy task.

There are several novel points connected with the forthcoming Naval Manœuvres which should render them of exceptional interest. It is now generally conceded that the crux of the next great naval war will be the coal question; how to keep a fleet supplied with this important article; its preservation en route and transfer to warships. Hitherto this has not much troubled manœuvre squadrons, for they filled up with coal before the operations commenced and did not usually exhaust the supply before they came to an end. This year the operations begin about 28 July and no battleship or cruiser is to take in coal after the 21st: hence coaling during hostilities will doubtless be essential, and the conditions in this respect will more nearly assimilate to actual warfare. Few rules are laid down as to what constitutes superior force, and the time required to put individual ships out of action. The plan has been tried of having a number of umpires afloat but this did not succeed as it was difficult for them to view with entirely impartial eyes the efforts of the vessel in which they were serving. The umpires now remain on shore, and are guided in their decisions by the reports sent in.

The conditions under which ships will be put out of action are left to the good sense of the officers in command, and if after an engagement there is a difficulty in getting a vessel to admit herself beaten the senior officer engaged, or on the spot, will then assert his authority. He may, in certain circumstances, put his opponent out of action and order him into port. Though British naval officers do not like being beaten even in manœuvres their loyalty to seniors will in most cases suffice to prevent disputes, and they have always an appeal to the umpires. The plan of campaign is outlined briefly and in simple words. A force of swift battleships—represented by the Channel Squadron—with cruisers and destroyers will endeavour to obtain such a command of the Channel as will enable it to interrupt the commerce converging on that point. A larger but slower squadron—as regards its battleships—likewise furnished with cruisers and a torpedo flotilla has to frustrate this attempt. In both cases the object sought rests upon obtaining command of the Channel and hence the attacking but weaker force will naturally strive by skilful movements to weaken his opponent's superiority. The problem set is calculated to afford much instruction to those who have planned as well as to those who take part in the operations.

"Where is the decrepitude of Parliament? where is the weakness of the Government on which our opponents love to dwell?" These are bold questions for a member of the Government to ask. Mr. Brodrick may have felt quite safe in putting them to all who were present at the fifteenth annual banquet of the National Union of Conservative Associations. No one was likely to rise up and explain to him precisely where the weakness of the Government lay, nor to point out to him that the fact that he did not see it was small evidence that the weakness was not there. Only a very great man knows himself. But Mr. Brodrick should have remembered that a Secretary of State putting a question to a meeting or even a convivial gathering is putting it to the whole country. We shall be surprised if the public find Mr. Brodrick's question as difficult to answer as he himself and his fellow-diners seem to have done. One has only to point to the history of Education (No. 1) Bill, and a very fair idea of the locality of the Government's weakness may be arrived at. Moreover some of Mr. Brodrick's friends may probably take leave to doubt his forecast that the history of China will show that we came out of that international scramble "without any indication that we had any interest in South Africa which prevented us putting out our fullest strength". On South African matters Mr. Brodrick spoke admirably. His speech confirms once again the general impression of the Government's strength and weakness.

Inevitably Sir William Harcourt at the Eighty Club on Thursday turned to account Mr. Brodrick's infeli-

citous phrase that "social problems come low in the fortunes of an empire". Mr. Brodrick's dictum was in substance harmless and true but unfortunately expressed. The internal social conditions of an empire tell with certainty on its fortunes in the long run, but they take a long while—centuries—to tell. Defence, on the other hand, armaments and the direction of its relations with foreign Powers determine a country's very existence from hour to hour, so that it may be perfectly sound statesmanship, in order to meet a present distress, to postpone social questions to other necessities more immediately imperial in character. We are sure Mr. Brodrick did not mean that social matters were in themselves of small significance. Generally Sir William Harcourt's speech was much better than what in the circumstances we had expected. Most of it was not meant to be serious, and, when he does not pretend to be serious, Sir William is always entertaining.

Upon the first reading of the speeches of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain at the Liberal Unionist dinner on Wednesday one asks oneself involuntarily, What is the object of all this elaborate recital of ancient history? The "Westminster Gazette" thinks it has found the explanation. The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain deliberately went over the story of the Home Rule split in 1886 for the purpose—so argues our Radical contemporary—of showing the Liberal Imperialists how heavily the Liberal Unionists had scored by their secession, and of covertly inviting the Liberal Imperialists to follow their example by leaving Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and attaching themselves to Lord Salisbury. The "Westminster Gazette" may be right in its interpretation of the seemingly harmless reminiscences of two statesmen after dinner. There is no doubt that the Liberal Unionists have done very well for themselves in the Tory camp; and there is equally no doubt that the accession of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane and Sir Edward Grey would be an addition of strength to the Ministerial ranks, which would only be resented by the "muzzled Ciceros" and "rising hopes" that still crowd the back benches of the Unionist party, as Mr. Brodrick explained on Wednesday.

Mr. Balfour at the opening of the West London Electric Tramways harped again with amateurish facility on his old story of the housing question being only a question of improved transit. He has never given his mind to this matter or he would not talk in this way. It is a line which pleases shareholders of tramway companies of course: and everything with them is feasible which suggests dividends. Speeches like Mr. Balfour's do a great deal of harm because they encourage the voluntary selfish ignorance of dividend hunters who will consider nothing practicable that does not mean fresh opportunities for investments. We appreciate fully the value of improved means of transit: they are boons to many who would not otherwise easily get a change from town life. But after all the bulk of the people do live and will go on living in London, and not in the country; and where they live is the place for improved dwellings. No improved transit can alter that plain fact. It is not the housing question itself that is the despair of the philanthropist and the politician but speeches like Mr. Balfour's.

The London Hospital on Wednesday opened its new Pathological Institute and the chairman, Mr. Sydney Holland, said they were spending £370,000 in bringing the hospital up to date. Now it is very well to hear that anonymous donors have given £32,000 and £25,000 and that a good deal of money has been raised as a memorial fund for Sir Andrew Clark. But for many years the hospital has not had decent post-mortem and mortuary accommodation; pace has not been kept with the necessities of modern science and hence disease has been imperfectly studied. Year after year, says Mr. Holland, they had gone on wasting their possible opportunities of helping future generations: year after year they had had to turn away young men who could have done much to further the knowledge of disease. Take Mr. Holland's further statement that, now the means are obtained, the work carried on will

benefit the whole country and couple it with the further statement "Yet we get no help from the Government and English hospitals are cramped in every direction for funds". Surely his conclusion that what is wanted is some rich man wise enough to see the advantage of pathological research was the wrong one from such premises.

Lord Percy in his letter to the "Times" of Thursday last on the Deceased Wife's Sister question put Mr. Holman Hunt in his right place. Really that distinguished gentleman should remember that neither reputation as a painter nor the sanctity of age justifies the use of such hysterical and vituperative language as he has been indulging in, simply because for one more year at any rate men are not to be allowed to marry the sister of the wife whose death they mourn. The interesting thing to know about this feverish anxiety to force the Bill through is whether it is retrospective or prospective. Have the promoters in mind the regularising of an illegal irregularity already committed or have they an eye on some particular match in the future? A pleasant idea this, the husband providing for his wife's sister having a reversionary interest in himself in the event of the wife's death. A pleasing topic of conjugal conversation!

We sympathise unreservedly with the protest of the Headmaster of Eton against the internationalising of Henley Regatta. No one is better qualified than Dr. Warre to express the opinion of those who have the true interests of amateur rowing at heart, and there is no one whose recommendations should carry greater weight with the Henley stewards. Henley was founded for pastime and for amateur oarsmen. So long as it is restricted to the oarsmen and scullers of this country, there is no danger of its becoming tainted by professionalism, because it will be quite easy to keep out that element. But if Henley comes to be regarded as international—and the tendency is in that direction—it will be next to impossible to keep the list of competitors quite free of those who row and scull for a livelihood or for "pots". Our standard of amateurism is sure to differ from the standards of other countries, and when we decline to allow foreigners to take part in the competitions on the ground that they are professionals we shall incur not a little invidium: whereas by adhering to the objects for which the Regatta was founded we shall at once escape professionalism and those international competitions, which Mr. R. C. Lehmann in the "Times" rightly calls "delicate and dangerous matters". The America Cup race belongs perhaps to a somewhat different category, but we do not find ourselves enamoured of that either. We should not call that "delicate and dangerous" so much as loud. Has "Beecham's Pills", we wonder, contracted for the use of the rival yachts' sails for advertisement purposes?

The feature of the Stock markets has been the heavy fall in American rails. Atchisons, the market favourite, have dropped since last settlement from 89½ to 77, Union Pacifics from 113 to 100½, Baltimores from 110 to 98, Southern Pacifics from 60 to 53, Milwaukeees from 179½ to 163½, and so through the list. All sorts of explanations have been given of this slump, which is nearly as bad as the May panic; it has been ascribed to crop damage, to the certainty of tight money, to the quarrel between Morgan and Harriman. The truth probably is that it is merely the preparation for the autumn campaign by the big operators who want to shake out their small colleagues, and get stock. No doubt exists amongst experts that the wheat crop is going to be one of the biggest ever carried, and dear money never stopped a really strong market. Next month, if not sooner, there will, in all likelihood, be a renewal of the big "bull" movement, and such stocks as Baltimores, Unions and Atchisons will recover rapidly. The failure of the Argentine Unification scheme has been another heavy blow to the market, Argentine Rescission bonds falling from 72½ to 64, and Buenos Ayres Waterworks from 92½ to 83½. Needless to say that all mining markets are weaker, and the nineteen-day account has sustained the popular superstition. Consols have fallen nearly 1 and close at 92½.

THE ROI FAINÉANT OF LIBERALISM.

THE Liberal party is engaged in making an interesting experiment. It is importing into the conduct of its affairs the comfortable fictions of constitutional government. The leader of a party who reigns but does not govern has perhaps been known before, but we have no recollection of one who gloried in occupying so equivocal a situation. Yet so imperturbable is the self-satisfaction of the Liberal roi fainéant that he plainly enjoys the tarnished splendours of his tinsel crown. We do not deny that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may regard the proceedings of last Friday at the Reform Club with a certain amount of legitimate pride. They set a seal on the success of the one bold stroke of generalship which has marked an inglorious career. If anyone had an ambition to usurp the shadowy throne where Sir Henry reposes, that ambition is for the moment thwarted; but we greatly fear from past experience that this brief display of energy will not be the prelude to any more vigorous methods of campaigning than we have been accustomed to in the past. What is the net result of Tuesday's meeting? Sir Henry remains the titular chief of a party that is hopelessly at variance on the one question about which the electors of England Scotland and Wales have any vital concern. It has been a favourite argument (and it would be a comfortable one for the party if it could be accepted) that the origin of the war is a matter that may now be eliminated from controversy, but Mr. Asquith has remorselessly demolished what was at best a flimsy fiction. "An honest difference of view", he said, "about origins and causes naturally, and even necessarily, colours and influences men's judgment of the present and estimate of the future". This is not only sound logic but sound political philosophy and sound common-sense. How then is it possible to anticipate that the Liberal party is to march shoulder to shoulder in the matter of terms of peace or the settlement? Sir Edward Grey took care to enforce the same truth. The Liberal forces thus resume the combat with the embarrassing assurance that they have as their chief a worthy gentleman whose views as to the conduct of the campaign his most distinguished lieutenants have claimed and received entire liberty to repudiate whenever they think it is desirable.

We regret the outward and apparent results of Tuesday's meeting. We believe ourselves, and have always held, that the best prospect not only for the Liberal party and therefore in the end for the country at large would be the formation of a strong central party, which would have attracted to itself all the best elements of Liberalism, and in time would infallibly have detached from the Unionist ranks many who know nothing of, and have little in common with, historic Toryism, leaving the extreme Radical fanatics and the Irish to their own manoeuvres. The resolute adhesion of Lord Rosebery might have made of such a movement a success, but his refusal to grasp the skirts of Fortune, who by now may have passed him by for ever, has not saved him from the suspicion of intrigue, while it has branded him with the stamp of incapacity for command.

But the full significance of Tuesday's proceedings must not be curtly dismissed as a triumph for Sir Henry and the pro-Boer faction, and therefore a disaster for the Liberal party and the country. To do so would be to show a profound ignorance of the situation as it presents itself to the minds of all those best qualified to judge. While it may be claimed as a nominal victory for Sir Henry over certain not very adroit intriguers in the Rosebery interest, who may or may not exist, it marks the final defeat of a very dangerous band of conspirators who have for too long threatened to dominate the situation. The woeful oration of Sir William Harcourt enforced and punctuated his own discomfiture. The meeting which was to destroy for ever the hopes of those who have resented the overweening, if half-hidden, domination exercised by the late leader over the present has, on the contrary, shattered the prospects of the Harcourt faction. It must not be forgotten that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman inherited a crop of personal enmities which have

hampered his course throughout. He has not dealt with them as a strong man would. He might have resolutely brushed them aside, but he has permitted himself to be their victim and, without altogether intending it, become the puppet of those whose views on the whole he shared. The meeting of the National Reform Union exposed Sir William in all the rank insolence of his proprietorship. But this audacious flaunting of the power behind the throne wrought its own nemesis, and all fears of a Harcourt restoration or regency may now be laid aside. Mr. Asquith's speech on Tuesday undeniably marked him out as the one man both strong and honest who has not feared to take his own course.

Although superficially Sir Henry triumphs Mr. Asquith is the real hero of the hour. Unquestionably his position with the whole party, barring the discreditable knot referred to, is immeasurably stronger than it was. His speech to the Essex Liberals showed that he had the courage of his convictions, his speech at the Reform Club revealed him as the rarer type of statesman who possess the genius "*propre à se faire honneur de la nécessité*" which de Retz so highly commended. The net result to himself is that his succession to the leadership is assured; to the ordinary party man it is that he would gladly attend the dinner in his honour if the Whips allowed it; and to the country at large it is a feeling of relief that the Liberals have evolved a strong man at last.

We ourselves can only express the hope that the situation may develop more rapidly than at present seems possible. It may not improbably be that Mr. Asquith may more efficiently draw the party together and elaborate his plans behind the name of a titular chief; that is a matter of party tactics which neither interests nor concerns us. We should have preferred a more open raising of the standard. We doubt whether the prolongation of an absurdly artificial arrangement can be beneficial for the Liberals or the country, but we cannot in good faith ignore the great advantages that have been secured. Firstly, all fear of the party organisation falling into pro-Boer clutches has vanished, and secondly the influence of the Harcourt clique, always malign, has been rendered impotent for permanent harm. Sir William at the Eighty Club astutely, and becomingly, avoided this subject. We await with interest Mr. Asquith's pronouncement on the 19th. He may add a third to two triumphs; in any case he has already made himself first among the men of his party whose pronouncements are of any real consequence to his fellow-citizens. If Sir Henry still likes to play at being King, Liberals can feel safer now that they know who is to be Mayor of the Palace.

THE BANE OF EDUCATION.

SIR JOHN GORST showed a proper appreciation of the occasion, in this instance wholly uninfected with disloyalty to his colleagues, when in moving the second reading of Education (No. 2) Bill, he said little of his charge but much of the evils which the measure he ought to have been steering through the House would have met. No. 2 is but a small matter, and is in fact important only in its suggestion of a great reform to be introduced—well, we hesitate to say, when, but the Government seems to say, next session. We hope, but by no means confidently, that the large majority by which the Government carried the second reading, and the ineffectiveness of the opposition it had to encounter, will not suggest to the Ministry that they can with safety put off the real Education Bill until an even more convenient season than next session. Education could gain nothing by Unionists hampering the passage of this little piece of enabling machinery, needed only to meet a transient and by no means very serious difficulty. As far as it went the Bill was right, and to upset or incommode it in order to punish the Government for their cynical slackness would from an educational point of view be a very childish proceeding. It would have been worse. It would have given the Ministry the opportunity to wash its hands of education with dignity. They could say, and, we cannot doubt, they would say "Very

well, gentlemen, you prefer to have no bread to a crumb of the loaf we showed you. We bow to your wishes: for the future you shall have none". As it is, the Government supporters have cheerfully swallowed the educational crumbs the Government have thrown them, and have so left no doubt as to the keenness of their appetite for more. They have left the Government no opening for inaction whether from pique or from pretended deference to their followers. Sir Francis Powell, a "good party man" if there was ever one, might justly have claimed to be speaking for the whole Conservative party when he declared with feeling that for the dropping of Education (No. 1) Bill "he could make no excuse to his friends, he could only feel a sense of shame and humiliation". We would like to think the Ministry felt that sense equally acutely. We should, however, be more than pleased if we thought they felt it at all.

The attitude of the Government represents one side of the bane of education, the attitude of the Opposition the other. The Government brilliantly represent the sceptical indifference to the whole matter which characterises the upper classes of England. We do not by this mean to imply that the middle and working classes take any intelligent interest in it, or any interest in it at all, but their indifference does not spring from want of faith; it is merely stupid imperviousness. One is, as it were, an intelligent disbelief, the other an unintelligent disregard. And that explains why those of the upper classes who are converted to faith in education become the truest educationists we have, such as Sir William Anson, for instance, while those of the lower classes who are shaken out of apathy usually become the prey of the politician-schoolman, whose happy hunting ground is the school board. The political schoolman is as dangerous an enemy of education as the educational sceptic of the world. He was much to the fore Monday and Tuesday last in the House. This type wants a "line" in public life; he takes up education as "his subject", just as another takes up labour or housing, China, the Church, Imperialism, economy or what not. Coming to the matter with neither predisposition nor knowledge, he naturally seizes on the trappings of education, which he can see and handle, and turns them to political account. Statistics and school-machinery are all he concerns himself with. He can make figures appeal to an electorate; the beginning and end of education to him is to make children go to school and obtain a "pass" before they come out of it. As to the effect of schooling on the child, that he never considers. The longer a boy or a girl is at school, the more subjects he is taught at the same time and the more public money there is spent upon him, the better educated he must be. That is the only attempt at a train of thought on "his own subject" that ever goes on in the political schoolman's mind. With anyone that ventures to examine his argument he grows very angry; naturally; for he finds his political foundation rapidly crumbling; and being angry, he becomes abusive and dubs his opponent "reactionary". Sir John Gorst gave the gentlemen of this order an exceedingly unpleasant half-hour in the House last Monday. They knew it was impossible to represent him as a reactionary, and yet here he was showing up school boards, and especially the London Board, with a force and persistency never equalled by extreme denominational champions. "The education which you are spreading amongst the people is cheap, shoddy education." No other proof of this is required than the success of "Answers", "Tit-Bits" and third-rate novels. "Are we to keep up in this House the farce that School Boards are elected for educational purposes? Everybody knows that educational purposes are the very last ideas in the minds of the members of School Boards." And none know it better than the members themselves. A few minutes' private conversation with two or three of them will satisfy anyone of that. Indeed, so far as the London School Board is concerned, we have found there is nothing its members enjoy so much as giving the Board and their friends away. We should say there have only been two men in the whole world that really believed in the School Board, and of these the faith of one is probably much shaken since the Board without

distinction of party has expressed an entire want of faith in him. Mr. Lyulph Stanley and Mr. Diggle probably *have* had a real belief in the Loudon School Board, for the simple reason that to them the Board was themselves, each believing that the Board could not exist without himself, and shrewdly suspecting that he would have no public existence without the Board. Mr. Diggle has proved his belief unsound, his suspicion sound.

Mr. Diggle's name suggests Mr. Macnamara, for whom we have always a warm place in our hearts, since he saved the Church and elementary education from a much worse disaster than his own election for Camberwell. But Mr. Macnamara is a melancholy case all the same. It is impossible not to recognise his ability: we should be very sorry to question his good intention. And yet here we have Mr. Macnamara taking up the position that the School Board is genuinely an educational institution. He always betrays great sensitiveness when the School Board is criticised. And yet he himself, quite in the manner of the Board, very ably exposed his friends, when they tried to hinder that great reform, the one real educational reform of the last twenty years, the institution of the block grant. Again, we have him making a very cheap appeal to sentiment by describing emotionally to the House women of between sixty and ninety years of age learning to read in an evening school. Does this professional educationist really conceive that there could be any educational good whatever to persons of that age in learning their letters? He knows very well that the mechanical process of learning to read is not educational at all, and but for reading being the key to knowledge less easily obtained other ways, the time spent upon it would be less intellectual training than Sam Weller's "iddication" of the street corner. These good ladies would have been better occupied talking to those who had learned to read when young than wasting time and energy over a merely mechanical art they could never at their age acquire. Again, as to evening schools. The School Board is ever eager to cram its children with "advanced" instruction, an eagerness happily tempered by their more intelligent servants, the teachers. We dare say the children would be much better educated if half their time were devoted to physical training under a strict disciplinarian who was kind to them. On the other hand, when they get older, say upwards of fifteen, it becomes reasonable to increase the proportion of mere instruction. If they have been made intellectually and generally athletic by proper training as young children, they will want by that time to begin acquiring special skill in particular things. The School Board, reversing the process, makes the evening school for young men and women less "instructive" and more generally of the training order, allotting a large portion of time to dancing, by no means the most eligible exercise, for it does nothing simultaneously to train intellect and character, as nearly all games of physical skill do. When we find such anti-educational methods adopted and vigorously championed by the progressive school of educationists (to give them a dignified title with which they will not quarrel), we begin to understand why it is that the Act of 1870 has not produced greater results than it has. It has passed many thousands of children through school, but though that is enough for the electioneer, it is not enough for the Englishman or Englishwoman who thinks. Such in every school of politics and religion, and such out of any school in either, are beginning more and more to doubt whether there is not something fundamentally wrong somewhere in our national education, of which the elementary department is by far the largest.

THE KING'S DECLARATION.

ON the 21 May a Select Committee was appointed to consider the Declaration required of the Sovereign by the Bill of Rights which must be made either on the first day of his first parliament or at his Coronation. It was instructed to report whether the language of the Declaration can be modified advantageously without diminishing its efficacy as a security for the maintenance of the Protestant Succession.

The Committee met on the 25 June at twelve o'clock and on the same day, so expeditiously was the business got through, the "Lord in the Chair", the Lord Chancellor, was ordered to report the decision to the House. The Declaration to be considered had its origin in the famous Test Act of Charles II. which required of every office-holder a renunciation of the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation and an assertion that the "invocation or adoration" of Saints and the sacrifice of the Mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome are superstitious and idolatrous. The Committee report that these two doctrinal repudiations should be retained omitting only the words "superstitious and idolatrous" and in their place substituting "are contrary to the Protestant Religion". But there is another omission and substitution. In the original declaration the declarant had to declare, in effect, on oath that he really intended to be bound by his oath without mental reservation, or having recourse to the Pope for dispensation from it or its annulment. Instead of this long clause there is substituted the statement that the declaration is made unreservedly.

It is quite evident that the Committee did not seriously consider, if at all, whether it would be an equally effective Protestant oath in the form, as the Coronation oath is, of a declaration to maintain "the Protestant reformed religion established by law". In the debate on Monday night the Lord Chancellor said in effect that the only way a person can say he belongs to the English Church is by declaring that he does not belong to some other. Now if instead of the repudiation of Roman doctrines we had, say, the repudiation of Presbyterian orders by the Sovereign as a test of his right to the throne, the absurdity of the Chancellor's statement would be evident. Nor would Scotland be appeased if it were sought to reform the oath merely by striking out words which, for example, might affirm that such orders were contrary to the Word of God. Yet the actual and the supposed cases are parallel. The fact is that in the days when oaths of this class were devised it was not merely a political safeguard which was being devised. Theological dogmatists then were like their successors now, who find only a secondary satisfaction in the oath as a political bulwark, and value it chiefly as a denunciation of Romish "errors". But we are not, or should not be, on that track in these days. If it were not for these dogmatists now it would be quite easy to devise an oath in positive form which would demonstrate the King as non-Roman Catholic just as effectually as the existing one, especially after the Committee has swept away the "dispensation" clause. But it is quite obvious that there is no more efficacy in any clause of the oath than is supplied by the honour of the person making it, or the facility we have in discovering overt breaches of it.

We do not believe anything is required, if the accession oath is retained, than to bring it into accord with the Coronation oath. Theological experts are not required. It is not that we want a correct statement of Roman Catholic doctrines but simply no reference to them. If the Sovereign is in communion with the Church of England, that satisfies the Bill of Rights: and any overt act inconsistent with this is a breach of the Act followed by the political results detailed in that Act. Lord Halsbury as Chancellor, and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, are in this matter exactly like the Sovereign, and it is absurd to say we do not know whether Lord Halsbury or Lord Cadogan is a Roman Catholic or a "Protestant". But Lord Halsbury argued the question of the relation of oaths to offices very fallaciously. It is true that every office involves a test of some sort. Every archbishop or bishop, says the Chancellor, when he is consecrated makes promises for the faithful performance of his duties: judges are required to swear that they will administer justice without fear or favour: marriage involves solemn promises. That is so, but there is no analogy between any of these oaths of office and that of the Sovereign. The bishops and clergy do not denounce Roman Catholic doctrines on ordination: it is sufficient that they take a positive oath to perform specific functions in a legal manner fixed by statute, as our Protestant succession is fixed. The judges make no declaration against injustice; they only promise to do justice; and it is not considered essential in marriage

that the man and woman should hurl their censures against celibacy. In Scotland, as Lord Halifax pointed out, there is satisfaction with a test which does not impose on the Sovereign any profession of his own religion; and he only swears that he will maintain inviolate the laws, and secure the Protestant Church and Presbyterian Government.

It is easy for the Lord Chancellor to say that the tone and temper of the people of this country are against the withdrawal of the repudiation of the Roman doctrines contained in the declaration. The only people who are irreconcilable are those who wish to use the declaration as an instrument of theological controversy. In their war against all Churches professing a sacramental theory they desire the voice of the civil power to be raised in anathematising the doctrines of which they disapprove. The fear of trouble from these quarters is the real reason for the paltry alteration on which the committee agreed; and even the omitted words are precious to this party purely as denunciation apropos of a present controversy. In short this is the crux of the position. If the test were considered from the political point of view only; if the contest of the Ritualists and the "Protestants" were not still afoot, there would have been felt on the new King's accession not the slightest need for being offensive to his subjects of the Roman Church. If that had been the mental atmosphere, and the committee had really given its mind to the question, it would easily have devised an inoffensive and perfectly effective form. But in fact the atmosphere was quite otherwise, and on that account it would have been useless to send back the report to the committee, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Grey wished. The Government do not intend to ask themselves the question, could the declaration be cleared of its theology without danger to the succession as fixed by the Bill of Rights; but the quite different question can we remove the theology without danger to ourselves; and their answer has been fixed beforehand. It was hopeless therefore for the Archbishop and Lord Grey to take the line they did. They shrank from formulating their opinions, thus putting themselves formally in the wrong and giving themselves into the hands of Lord Salisbury and Lord Halsbury in the hope, apparently, of avoiding discussions on a solemn topic. They might have known there was no possibility of doing this except by giving up their opinions. Now they have their fight to make when the Bill comes on, and the solemn topic is still to be discussed. But too much stress is about to be placed on improving the declaration as an enunciation of Roman Catholic doctrine, as if it were sufficient if no Roman Catholic could find fault with it on that account. That is not the point at all. If the theological form must be retained in order to secure the succession as laid down in the Bill of Rights, that would be a just reason for the inevitable offence to Roman Catholics. But they have a right to demand that the necessity shall be shown. We hold that absolutely no such necessity exists; and if any alteration is to be more than a mere hypocritical pretence at conciliation, the proper method is to clear away the theological formulæ altogether.

OUR NAVAL NECESSITIES.

IF the recent debate in both Houses tended to allay acute alarm caused by exaggerated criticism, the admission made that an important squadron had to be weakened to furnish vessels for another part of the world is a clear indication that our navy is not yet strong enough for the varied duties which devolve upon it. There is therefore justification for urging that the completion of ships under construction should be hastened, and the new building programme put in hand at once instead of waiting as usual until the end of the year before commencing the vessels provided for in the Estimates. Lord Selborne in the House of Lords made an elaborate reply to the criticisms which have been passed on his department. With a considerable portion of his contentions we

agree. The Admiralty alone has the information on which the distribution of the fleet can be most advantageously arranged. The danger of weakness in any particular locality is only evident if we have not the means of strengthening the force at that spot at short notice. We shall not be suddenly attacked if we are strong at home in reserves of ships and men. Thus we think criticism should be directed not to the strength of a particular squadron, but to the point whether the fleet as a whole is equal to any eventuality which the state of political affairs abroad may render possible. To ascertain this we must have some standard. Up to 1889 no Government had publicly proclaimed at what it aimed as regards the strength of the British navy, and this may, to some extent, account for the low ebb to which at that time it had fallen. The nation had no means of judging whether it was equal to its duties or not. When the Naval Defence Act was passed both political parties agreed that our fleet should be equal in strength to the fleets of the second and third maritime Powers in the world combined. Such a standard is not quite satisfactory, for to seek out, meet, beat or blockade any fleet or combination of fleets the opposing force must be numerically superior; but at any rate it allows a fair estimate of your own strength to be made. The First Lord, however, while not rejecting this standard expressed the needs of the country in a different way. "I would say," said Lord Selborne, "that the navy ought to be so strong that it can have a reasonable certainty of success in the performance of any duty which it is reasonably probable that it will be called on to perform". Such a definition would never enable the Naval Lords to formulate their requirements in ships, guns and men; but tell them they must be prepared to contend against any two other fleets and they will at once know what is requisite to accomplish this successfully. Lord Goschen bore testimony to the use the two-power standard had been to him in preparing his shipbuilding programmes, and though we may be adjured to cast it aside and adopt some other the country will be satisfied if the Board as a whole can assert that our navy is equal to a struggle with a combination of any two other Powers.

Then Lord Selborne ridiculed the idea of maintaining the fleet, or any portion of it, on a war footing in peace-time. Herein he has misunderstood the criticism. We know that all squadrons would be increased in the event of hostilities, but the contention was that a squadron of battleships in peace-time without an adequate number of cruisers and destroyers could not be efficiently exercised; that it was debarred from manœuvres which would make it prepared for war; and that so curtailed of its necessary auxiliaries it gave a false idea of security. All it could do in the way of exercises with such limited means would be steam tactics which are like barrack-square drill and should be acquired in the first six months of commission. Fewer battleships and more cruisers would make the squadron strategically more powerful, if the number of men available were insufficient to take to sea some of those many craft in reserve. But how can there be a scarcity of men? We have a considerably greater number than we embodied during the Russian War; the crews of battleships are now smaller; and our foreign squadrons are not exceptionally large. The fact is we are tending more and more to train on shore instead of at sea, and to retain men for long periods in harbour. Thus if a naval census were taken to-morrow it would probably be found that an enormous number of men were in the home ports, the majority learning something which could be better acquired at sea. Lord Selborne says "no political circumstances that existed last year, or exist at this moment, would justify any interruption with the work of these schools in order to commission". He justly extols the perfecting of gunnery, for the main object of a ship of war is to use guns and efficiently. But the question is whether a large portion of what is now taught on shore and in obsolete tenders could not be more quickly, efficiently and economically acquired afloat in ordinary ships and a modern training squadron?

The contention of the First Lord that Egypt is

defended by the fleet and therefore requires no fortifications applies equally to Malta and Gibraltar, but we are continually adding to the fixed defences of these places. The first consideration for a naval base is a good anchorage, and the breakwater approved to be constructed at the entrance of Malta's principal harbour is as much to increase the accommodation for vessels within as a protection against torpedo-boat attack. For the same reason we are spending considerable sums at Portland and Dover in enclosing large areas of water with breakwaters so as to ensure a safe and commodious anchorage.

The elaborate explanation by the First Lord of the delay in furnishing our ships with the latest type of projectiles and explosives was not altogether satisfactory. The principle of not hastily adopting new inventions is perfectly sound, but in seeking perfection you may wait too long and find yourself at a disadvantage at a critical moment. Armaments develop so rapidly that, having come to a conclusion as to the necessity for change, the best policy is to adopt the best article then available and effect the substitution as quickly as possible. The general reader will feel more interest in the description of the proposed new battleships. With an increase to 16,500 tons—nearly double the size of our first ironclad of 1860—the design embodies a new idea, that of three types or calibres of heavy guns. Hitherto 12-inch pieces supplemented by a 6-inch battery have been the system of armament for a first-class battleship. The new vessels are to carry four 9-inch guns in addition. While adding considerably to the offensive power there are disadvantages attached to this arrangement in the complication and stowage of the ammunition which incline many officers to prefer two calibres only. If—they say—owing to improved defensive appliances the 6-inch gun is no longer powerful enough, reject it altogether and replace with an 8-inch. In their opinion simplicity of armament is a most important consideration. These points however are matter of opinion. Only actual experience in war can decide them. Success in battle will not depend upon an extra inch of armour or the difference involved by carrying an 8-inch gun instead of a pair of 6-inch. We may be satisfied that in the Admiralty we have the knowledge and ability to give us the best that can be devised. It rests with the country to respond cheerfully to any demands that may be put on the public purse. The interests involved are so tremendous that there must not be the shadow of a suspicion that our navy is not equal to any emergency, and if greater expenditure is necessary we feel that in the navy something substantial for our money is obtained.

RICHMOND HILL.

THE progress of events in the last week has been as follows. In the grounds of Lebanon House the cedar-cutting is still suspended, and a fête is announced there for the 17th inst. so that there appears to be a respite in that quarter till the Councils have taken their decision. In the more important estate of Marble Hill, on the other hand, the road-making goes on ruthlessly, and one of the finest avenues in the grounds is being wrecked. Observers agree that never has the British workman been seen to go at his task with such celerity; he has torn these roads through the park as if racing against the efforts to stay his hand. So much for the destroyers; on the side of salvage the facts are these. In the morning papers of Monday 8 inst. Sir Whittaker Ellis responded to the appeal made to him in these columns to declare his programme and organise an interim guarantee fund for the purchase of Marble Hill. He announced that the owners would stay proceedings on receiving a ten per cent. deposit on purchase money amounting to £70,000. He therefore invited six gentlemen to join with himself in making up this sum of £7,000, remarking that the price, though a good one, was not extravagant in his opinion, and that the guarantors would doubtless be indemnified by the County Council. These guarantors

would, it is said, have readily been found, but in the papers next day (Tuesday 9) the solicitors of the owners wrote to say that "the property was no longer for sale on the lines suggested". The statement is ambiguous, but apparently means that the owners will only consent to stay building proceedings if the whole purchase money is secured at once. The plan they probably prefer is to complete their building scheme over half the property, and treat for the purchase of the remainder. The proprietors, then, have declared their intention to carry out their scheme, waiting for no man, and are carrying it out at top speed. Against this the Councils are slowly coming into action. The Twickenham District Council's sub-committee has viewed the ground and doubtless reported. The Richmond Town Council has received and accepted an invitation (9 inst.) to appoint a committee to confer with that of Twickenham on the best means of saving the view, but they are also interested in a scheme nearer home for purchasing certain of the Petersham Meadows, at the foot of the hill. Further, Lord Monkswell was questioned by Mr. Dickinson at the meeting of the Parks Committee of the London County Council (9 inst.). He is reported to have replied that "he was aware the magnificent view was being endangered by the cutting down of trees, but in spite of letters in that day's papers he did not think it was too late to interfere, and he promised to do what he could to open up negotiations between the landowner and the Council".

The action promised by these three Councils is so far satisfactory, especially that of the London County Council, which is more likely to take a big view than the two others, and has wider powers. Sir Whittaker Ellis estimates that a farthing rate over its area for one year would raise the money necessary, besides what the City Corporation and companies might be expected to contribute. If the Orleans House estate, belonging to the same proprietors as Marble Hill, came into the market, he reckons that £100,000 would buy the two, and thus secure the most important block of riverside grounds in the view. The weak point of these negotiations and deliberations is that they take time, and while they go on the view is day by day being impoverished, and some morning we may find ourselves face to face with a score of proprietors, instead of one. We are not even certain that the proprietor is any longer prepared to sell. He is asking, *pace* Sir Whittaker Ellis, a very high price for the estate, if £70,000 is his figure, for the property was going at the time he bought, two years ago, for less than half that sum.

Such is the critical situation. A private owner is either standing out for "doing what he will with his own" when public interest requires that he should consider any reasonable offer that will save an historic scene of beauty; or he is exacting stiffer terms the more pressing the public desire becomes to acquire the property. It is not a case certainly for haggling over a few thousands, if that is the difficulty. But put it at the worst, that the owner refuses to sell; surely we have a case then for acquiring parliamentary powers of purchase. Or, there is another alternative. We put it forward with no desire to thwart the County Council's efforts, provided that body can act with largeness and promptitude. It is well known that the Victoria Memorial Fund has been somewhat disappointing in its growth. The public were not attracted by the Buckingham Palace scheme, and still less satisfied by the list of designers invited to compete. It is by no means certain that this scheme will be pursued in the full sense of the original plans. The committee has in hand already a sum from which they could advance the money necessary to secure Marble Hill. They would recoup themselves and more from fresh subscribers if they made the Park from Richmond to Twickenham a supplementary part of their scheme. They could act at once, and the indication of a royal wish would cut the knot more gracefully than Parliamentary pressure. To make the approach of the river to London answerable to its splendid issue at Greenwich is surely a noble enough scheme by which to commemorate the Queen's name, and indeed keep her memory green.

THE VARSITY CRICKET MATCH.

THE known weakness of the bowling of both Universities had rendered a drawn match exceedingly probable; indeed the best chance of a definite conclusion lay in the unsoundness of the Oxford batting. This view was to a surprising extent borne out by results. Cambridge were anything but a strong team, but their batting appeared to us very superior to that of their opponents, and their bowling, though inferior to the Oxford attack, was better able to cope with the opposing batsmen than was that of Oxford. Generally speaking Cambridge struck us as the better team. In the field they were better handled, and their work was more finished. Oxford, although their out play showed a great improvement on their home form, lacked class. They were too much like a college side. The average Varsity team is generally very well able to deal with the ordinary counties; in their good years Oxford and Cambridge, except in point of experience, can play the best on fairly level terms. When they have had the luck to find two or three capable bowlers, their soundly grounded batsmen and dashing fieldsmen have often turned the scale to the great astonishment of journalists and county enthusiasts. This year, as we pointed out in our last article, Oxford had hardly one class-bowler; their fielding was weak and unfinished, and their batsmen, while not including one brilliant player, failed in several instances to reach the ordinary Varsity standard. Cambridge on the other hand, in spite of some dropped catches, were tolerably smart in the field, Daniels especially doing brilliantly; and though their bowling was very poor indeed, much of their batting was really good. Often in these days of perfect wickets there is not much to choose between sides in batting, and it is the really good bowler who turns the scale. In this year's Varsity match however the decisively superior position in which Cambridge stood on Saturday evening was directly due to the quality of their batting.

Passing to particulars of the play we have to notice the fine defence of Wilson in an innings very worthy in its unattractive solidity of the best traditions of his family. He has fairly replaced that admirable cricketer his brother. We doubt whether he is as good a bat or bowler, but he occupies, other things being equal, the same position as did Clement Wilson from '95 to '98, and is a tough nut to crack in either department of the game. In Oxford's first innings his bowling alone was worthy of the name, and his success was all the more praiseworthy in view of the fact that the wicket was an extremely easy pace throughout and anything but suited to a bowler of his type. Blaker in the first, Dowson and Harper in the second Cambridge innings played admirable cricket. The old Harrovian's hitting on the third day was really fine, strong, cool and finished. Day, the best bat on either side, was distinctly unlucky.

With the exception of Wilson's, the Cambridge bowling was very third-rate. Dowson has fallen off terribly. He still bowls a good fast ball, but he appears to have lost his old devil and his length is very uncertain. No doubt he was unlucky in having catches missed, but we say without any hesitation that he has anything but fulfilled the promise of his school days. Fergus is indeed a poor specimen of the fast bowler. Johnson who got the wickets on Saturday evening is little better; a somewhat bad light and the weak game played by most of the Oxford men sufficiently account for his success. Hind appeared perfectly harmless.

A great authority spoke to us with surprised disappointment of the want of style shown by the Oxford batsmen. We think the criticism, with the exception of Marsham and Williams, completely justified. Knox and More, most valuable and excellent as were their innings, are not distinguished; and Dillon never got properly set. Marsham played a grand game the last evening: his cutting reached a standard not often seen in these days of leg side play, and as a combination of strong hitting and patient defence in most disheartening circumstances his innings was a very memorable one. Williams, who showed on the whole more style than anyone else, did admirably. His twenty-

three, after Oxford had lost six wickets for eighty-two, was a most plucky performance and unquestionably saved his side from a crushing defeat. In not winning Cambridge were perhaps unlucky. We are not now referring to Longman's fatal blunder in missing Marsham at point when only eighteen, but to the decision which permitted Hollins to continue his innings after he had been apparently caught in the slips by Wilson. We say apparently, for in the minds of Cambridge there was absolutely no doubt as to the fact. Had Hollins been given out, Findlay and Munn would not in all probability have been able to stay with Marsham for the half-hour still remaining for play.

No doubt this third successive draw will evoke a flood of proposals for the reform of the game. We are confident that the M.C.C. Committee will disregard all such ill-advised recommendations. The wicket on which the last three Varsity matches have been played has been very easy—peculiarly easy for Lord's; the bowling, as will occasionally happen at the Varsities, has been extremely weak. Considering how comparative even the gift of bowling is, it is hardly remarkable that elevens which cannot play the same men for more than four years running should now and again be short of high-class recruits. Nor is it surprising, seeing that the career of most first-class amateurs is restricted to half a dozen seasons, that the Gentlemen are often hard put to it to find bowlers. Want of time and opportunity is more accountable for the dearth of good and plentiful amateur bowlers than laziness, the accusation so often brought forward by those who are barely acquainted with the elements of the game.

POPULAR SENTIMENTALITY.

TIME enough has now passed since the unseemly exhibitions which have made the memories of Mafeking and the C.I.V. not memories of pride and pleasure alone, for a cold and dry estimate to be made of their significance as symptoms of national tendencies. Some most naturally have thought that they indicate a real change in the national character. It is however questionable whether increased excitability can be properly said to indicate a change in character. Although no science can show—whatever certain scientists may imagine—that man does not possess a soul which is distinct from and will survive his body, science has shown, with a completeness which was formerly not dreamed of, that soul, life and character, as we know them in this state of existence, have the body—in especial the brain and the nervous system—as their necessary basis. Thus no change in character, however minute, can ever take place without some physical change corresponding to it, or can endure except in so far as this physical change is permanent. If therefore we mean seriously to say that a nation's character is changed, we must mean that some such modification has been gradually brought about in the physical constitution of the individuals of which the nation is made up. And changes of this kind undoubtedly do take place when portions of a population are transferred to another climate. The American character, for instance, may be said with absolute truth to have become a different character from the English. But the behaviour of individuals and nations may also undergo changes, similar to those by which a change in character is indicated; and yet, in the sense which has just now been explained, there may have been no change in the national character at all. The change may have been one not in character but in circumstances; and the fact that in changed circumstances the national behaviour becomes different is merely a sign or proof that the character remains the same. A sluggish man, who objects to walking more than two miles an hour, will run as fast as he can if he is pursued by a mad bull; but this does not show that his disposition has ceased to be sluggish. Because he ran as fast as he could from a mad bull on Saturday, he will not walk any faster to church on Sunday. In the same way it may be that the English nation is not more excitable to-day than it was at the beginning of the

century. It is not more excitable in itself; but it has more things to excite it.

Thus, in these days the news of any great event, such as the relief of Mafeking, reaches the whole nation simultaneously. It does not spread gradually, like the news of the battle of Waterloo, from one county, from one town, from one village to another. Then again the rapidity with which news is now received and its volume from day to day keeps public interest in great events constantly on the stretch. It never allows expectation to go to sleep; but is constantly sending through the nervous system of the nation shocks of exhilaration, disappointment or keen suspense. The triumphs and tragedies of wars, even the most distant, are brought home to our imagination afresh every morning, as they never were before: and the fortunes of a campaign in Africa are followed by the population of England as the fortunes of two cricket elevens are followed by the spectators at Lord's. The spectators at Lord's who watch the Eton and Harrow match are more excited by its incidents than are people who read about them in Shropshire; but we do not for this reason suppose that their natures are more excitable. In the same way this is no reason for supposing that the Englishmen of to-day are more excitable than their grandfathers. Were the circumstances of the present generation suddenly changed, and made to resemble those which prevailed during the Peninsular War, we should all become as phlegmatic as the contemporaries of the Duke of Wellington. Had Wellington and his contemporaries been placed in the same circumstances as ourselves, there would on the occasion of any British victory been as much shouting and flag-flying in their days as there are now, in our own. That some change in the English nation has taken place, we admit; but this is not a change in its character. It is a change only in its behaviour.

But whilst we are anxious to insist that such changes as have taken place in its behaviour are due merely to changes in its circumstances and not to any degeneration in its nature, we have no desire to deny or ignore the fact that these changes in its behaviour are in many respects deplorable. Constant excitement, no matter how produced, is a bad condition alike for a nation and an individual. It destroys, for the time being, all sense of proportion. It makes it impossible to feel justly about great successes, great disasters, great perils, great wrongs or great heroisms, because it leads men to exhaust all the possibilities of feeling over small ones. It must be understood that we use the word "small" in a strictly relative sense; for one of the most striking examples of this waste of disproportionate feeling is afforded by the behaviour of this country in connexion with the case of Dreyfus. That Dreyfus was the victim of a miscarriage, if not a deliberate miscarriage, of justice—that conspiracies were formed by certain persons to bring home to him crimes of which he was not guilty—in a certain sense no one could describe as a small thing. But it was small compared with the exaggerated character imputed to it by many English newspapers, and by multitudes of English sentimentalists. It will be enough to remind the reader of one newspaper statement which was received at that time with widespread sympathy and applause—the statement that the crime committed by the French state against Dreyfus was greater than any crime that has ever been committed since the Crucifixion. Is it possible for the madness of excited sentimentality to go further? Apart from its indecency or profanity, regarded from a religious standpoint, the comparison of Dreyfus to Christ is altogether inaccurate. For the Christian world the unique character of the Crucifixion depends on the fact that Christ not only was not a criminal but more than all other men was devoted to doing good—that He was full of love for every human being; that, instead of wronging the weakest, He was ready to suffer for their sakes. How can a sentiment of justice, in itself righteous and generous, be more completely degraded, and be rendered more ridiculous than by the vulgar, the burlesque, the ignorant, the inapposite comparison of Dreyfus with Jesus Christ? Dreyfus, there may be reason to believe, was a capable and intelligent officer: but there is nothing to show that otherwise there was any-

thing admirable in his character. It appears, on the contrary, that he was an exceptionally unamiable person; and the only good thing which the English public knew about him was that one particular bad action was imputed to him which he actually did not commit. If there is nothing to show that he was any worse than his neighbour, there is nothing to suggest that he was better; and he was obviously more disagreeable. To compare such a man with Him who for nineteen hundred years has been the centre of the moral and spiritual devotion of the world was not only an insult to Christianity, but an injury to Dreyfus himself. The exaggeration of sympathy is more fatal to its object than the exaggeration of animosity; and it curses them that give no less than him that takes.

There have been a few more recent examples of this hysterical exaggeration of sympathy. Take the manner in which the European colony in Peking was described as the "Peking Martyrs." If our own countrymen and brothers in the same civilisation and religion had been butchered by semi-barbarians whilst fulfilling their normal duties, the event would have been sufficiently tragic lamentable and pathetic without a character which it could not possess being attributed to it. The word martyr owes the whole of its sublime significance to the fact that it designates a man who voluntarily meets death sooner than deny some religious or speculative truth which he holds, or who knowingly risks death and meets it in order to proclaim such a truth. But as to the Europeans in Peking there is no reason to believe that they were there in obedience to any other motives than those by which honourable men are prompted in ordinary life, or that they had any intentions of sealing their testimony to anything by their blood. Such persons are no more martyrs than the colliers who perish in a coal mine, than the holiday-makers who are shattered in an excursion train, or than the soldier who, without asking for honour, dies covered with it, at the hands of some Boer who fires at him under the shelter of a white flag. Victims such as these we do not pity less, mourn less, respect less or miss less, because we do not over-flatter them with a name to which they have no claim. True feeling is weakened, not strengthened, by every attempt to base it on false grounds. This nation has had cause to appreciate this truth during the present year; indeed one can seldom take up a popular paper without being even cynically reminded of it. It is the cheap, the professional, "chief mourner" who talks as though death necessarily invested the dead with the saint's halo, and violent death with the martyr's crown. We may be sure that the dead, who had in them the spirit of the saint or of the martyr, do not thank us for this flattery proceeding from carelessness to discriminate.

FOREIGN CREWS AT HENLEY.

HENLEY Regatta was founded and has grown up as a meeting at which the various college, school and other boat clubs can annually test the respective merits of their crews and was never intended to be the arena for international competition. Amateur oarsmen, like all true amateur athletes, indulge in rowing as a pastime, and as a recreation from their ordinary occupations as opposed to those so-called "professional athletes" who devote their whole time and energy to attaining athletic proficiency either for a living, or for the purpose of securing some much-coveted prize; and it is essential, if the purity of English amateur oarsmanship is to be maintained, that any course which tends towards the encouragement of the business or professional element should be discountenanced.

There can be no doubt that if the admission of foreign crews at Henley is allowed to continue it will tend to foster this "professional" canker which has grown with such alarming rapidity in many other branches of English athletics. A necessary element in all athletic contests is that the competition should be a fair one, and if the English oarsmen find that their possession of the Grand Challenge Cup is seriously to be threatened, as it was last week, they will be driven—however dis-

tasteful it may be—to take steps to place themselves in a position to compete on even terms with a crew such as that of the Pennsylvania University. It may be well to point out exactly where the onesidedness of the competition lies. The Pennsylvania crew, or at any rate six of them, had been rowing together for nearly four years. By this means they had attained such a degree of uniformity, and had so abnormally developed the muscles of the legs and arms—the only muscles upon which the American style of rowing apparently relies—that they were able to outpace all their opponents in the United States. In these circumstances they resolved to attempt to upset the hitherto unvanquished supremacy of British oarsmanship at Henley. With this object in view they underwent, for six months or more, a special preparation for this one event and, after living a secluded life on the outskirts of Henley for a fortnight, arrived at the post in a condition fit to propel their boat as fast as a boat can be propelled by the leg “piston action” stroke to which American coaches cling with such tenacity.

Who were the opponents they had to meet and what was the preparation they had undergone? Let us take first the crews of the Metropolitan clubs. The London Rowing Club and the Thames Rowing Club have their headquarters at Putney. Their members are men who are engaged in business in London, and who devote their leisure in the evenings to the recreation of rowing. In the Spring of each year crews are made up of the best available oarsmen in the club to compete for the Grand and Stewards Challenge Cups at Henley, and several men row both in the Eight and the Four. These crews practise in the evenings after long days at office desks, and it is sometimes as late as seven o'clock before they are afloat. Ten days or a fortnight before the regatta they take a holiday and devote their whole time to getting into condition. It is true that they have not had such good crews recently as they had a few years ago, but it cannot be argued that even the best oarsmen would in such circumstances be competing on even terms with a crew prepared like that of Pennsylvania. Next let us consider the position of a college boat club like New College Oxford, which was also entered for the Grand. The selection of their crew is practically confined to the forty or fifty resident rowing members of the college. Those who rowed in the Varsity crew last spring had been constantly in training in different crews for different races since last October. They had been trained up to racing pitch five or six times culminating in six consecutive nights' racing for the summer eight, and it is impossible to compare their chances of starting really fit with those of a crew prepared specially for one event. Lastly let us consider the case of the Leander crew. Leander certainly has an advantage in that it counts among its members all the best University oarsmen of the day; but it is a point of honour among University men that their college boat club has first call upon their services even for a ladies plate or four-oared crew. Thus the crew which rows for Leander at Henley is never really representative of the best rowing strength of the club. The available selection, wide as it is, has its disadvantages, for it is always necessary to make up the crew partly of men who have gone down from the University, who are much in need of hard work to get fit, and partly of resident undergraduates who at the end of the academic year are on the “fine” side and require very light work. The Leander crew this year were only able to practise together for sixteen days, and consequently three or four days before the regatta they were little better than an extremely powerful and hard-working scratch crew.

We owe our victory of last Friday to the painstaking determination which enabled the Leander men to shake more or less together in the last few days and to the fact that the crew consisted of eight strong, good-plucked Englishmen who by rowing in proper style were able to use every ounce of their weight and strength as opposed to a crew which was a perfectly regulated machine working on unscientific principles; but the race was in no sense a fair trial of strength between English and American rowing.

We are confident that in speaking thus we are giving expression to the opinion of the great majority of English

amateur oarsmen; yet it is doubted in some quarters whether, in spite of this practical unanimity of aquatic opinion, any change will be made by the Stewards of Henley Regatta. The Henley Stewards, as a body, have done much to promote the interests of amateur rowing. They have again and again openly stated that their policy in the management of the regatta, whenever the interests of the public and of the competitors clash, is to comply with the wishes of the latter rather than to make a picnic for the former. In the past they have loyally carried out this policy, in the alteration of the course, in placing booms between the piles and in a hundred other ways. It is not credible that, if the principal clubs move in the matter, they will be overawed by any public outcry. It is probable that there will be a public outcry if foreign entries are barred, for the public like the hysterical excitement of an international race and flock in their thousands to see one, and the Henley tradespeople would naturally be disappointed if they were deprived of the profitable pleasure of entertaining them. The regatta however, as we have said, was founded in the interests of rowing and not as a public entertainment and the time has obviously arrived when the stewards should confine the competition for the cups committed to their charge to the oarsmen of the United Kingdom for whom they were originally intended.

TURNER AND RUSKIN.*

THE student of Turner and Ruskin will be apt to regard the plan of these volumes with a certain impatience. Here are over fourscore photogravures after Turner, arranged in no precise order of chronology or style, nor betraying much principle or severity of choice. They are faced by extracts from Ruskin's writings about Turner, arranged with more system, but neither keeping close company all the time with the pictures, nor completely departing to follow a strict order of thought. We have not, in a word, anything that can be properly called a book, merely a large album of extracts from the painter's work and his commentator's. But the critic must not be too impatient with collections of this sort. Not everyone knows the Turner Gallery, the *Liber Studiorum*, the drawings of the Ruskin, Farnley and other collections; not everyone has read “Modern Painters”, or the “Notes on the Turners at Marlborough House”. Indeed, it is my conviction that of the contemporary generation of artists and critics an immense number grew up, withheld by their demon from any real commerce with the painter or the writer. A subtle wind arose in another quarter, the births were of another spirit, a spirit that sealed the eyes against Turner and stopped the ears against Ruskin, and all that was known of one or the other was a few catchwords by which to rule them out of conversation. So that these volumes if they cannot drop lightly as a seed, being weighty and costly, may yet here and there plump upon quite innocent soil and fertilise it. I put myself back to the age of ten or thereabouts, and remember as quite a divine gift in a library that had nothing else of either, an album called “Beautiful Pictures”, where among Leslies, Wards, Maclises and so forth was a Venice by Turner, and a volume of selections from Ruskin's works that jumped from subject to subject with bewildering rapidity, like the views from a railway carriage window, but with the same excitement in its snatches of mental travel and new country.

As an older traveller, a little sleepy at some of the familiar stations, I yet wake up very thoroughly over some of the views that Mr. Allen's new Turner Tour provides. Here are to be found some of the Farnley Turners, painted for an appreciative friend in Yorkshire and not hackneyed by exhibition or reproduction. One of these is a drawing of the passage of Mont S. Gothard in the vigorous early manner of 1804, the road hugging

* “Turner and Ruskin: an Exposition of the Work of Turner from the Writings of Ruskin.” Edited with a biographical notice of Turner by Frederick Wedmore. 2 vols. London: George Allen. 1901. 477s.

the wall of cliff, and wrestling up out of a pit of shadow towards the lighted snow-tops. Another is the "Falls of the Reichenbach", of the same date with a splendid foreground of pine-wreck, water and rock. But finer still is the "Pilot hailing a Smack" of 1812, a Turner of the "Bligh Sands" type, to my thinking one of the most satisfying in the National Gallery collection. It is built upon the pattern Turner took over in its elements from Vandewelde, the three-master riding upright on the horizon, the fisher skimming and bowing past near at hand. The pilot boat is added here in the foreground, under a dramatic arch of cloud, and a light breaks upon crossed waves tossing up against the dark plain of sea. Another of the early Swiss drawings from the same collection is the *Mer de Glace* (1809) splendidly decisive in its anatomy and disposition of light and shade. Yet another is the "Devil's Bridge" (same year) now in Mr. Mackenzie's collection. "Lancaster Sands" and "Mont Cenis", (both 1820), are later drawings from this precious collection, and perhaps most wonderful of all is the "Mer de Glace" of the same year. This is a composition of pines. The motive is given out *fortissimo*, by a group of three in the foreground, an extraordinary expression of tough, wind-strained trunks, and dies away in repetitions and variations, this side and that of the ice river. The "Ship of the Line, taking in Stores" is a grand burly composition. It was painted in three hours under the eyes of Mr. Fawkes, without a note for all its intricate detail; a remarkable feat of memory and execution. My eye is caught, for a different reason, by the "Watercress Gatherers" which dates Turner's settling at Twickenham in 1813, almost under the shadow of the trees at Marble Hill. The new villas just prevent his ghost, if it walks here, from seeing them fall.

The plates I have cited are all in Turner's earlier manner, and it is to be noted that these give by far the better results in reproduction. There is a very good reason for this apart from changes in composition, which it would take too long to discuss here. The drawings and paintings of that period are wrought in a system of tones which translates with small perversion into black and white. His later work attempted such a range of lighting and included so many contradictions of illumination, that he was forced to depend on a special language of colour, not tone, to convey some notion of the effects intended. But turned into black and white this makes nonsense. Moreover the photographer, to preserve the gradations of the lighter parts of those pictures, such as the skies, has been driven to over-expose, so that pictures aerially faint in tone, become heavy and black in reproduction. The loss may be measured in such a case as the "Mercury and Argus," where Ruskin's description of the picture draws attention to the reserve of blackness kept, through infinitesimal gradations, for one or two points. In the photogravure none of these distinctions are given; the blackness mounts far up the scale, swamping a score of gradations. No photographic method, probably, can make very much of such pictures. The steel engraving developed to render them, contemporary with Turner, came nearer in brilliance, but when looked into, it was a cruel ugly kind of scratching. Turner knew what he was about when he prepared the "Liber" drawings for engraving, with their limited definite system of line and tone; reproductions of the later paintings can never be of value except as a kind of catalogue. Unfortunately for this book Ruskin's chief interest in Turner began when the early brown style of his painting was coming to an end. Hence it was necessary to reproduce a great many water-colour drawings, existing more in colour than in tone, and these come to grief in the plates, yielding a sore, fretted and smoky texture. At the same time for purposes of reference it is useful to have plates after a number of the drawings in Ruskin's own collection, now dispersed.

Mr. Wedmore has done his part in selecting and fitting the text under the difficult conditions with great care and skill. The quotations in Volume I from "Modern Painters" and the Marlborough House Notes give a consecutive account of Turner's different periods. Thereafter the extracts

become more scrappy. Volume 2 opens with the great chapters from Vols. 4 and 5 of "Modern Painters" on Turner's imaginative composition, the principle of his colour, his drawing of clouds and trees. Other consecutive blocks are the extracts from the "Harbours of England", "On the Old Road", and the "Bond Street Notes". These blocks, with the interesting passages that fill up the crevices, will furnish a capital introduction for the strolling reader to the whole literature. Room there is for a new book on Turner, but the supercilious critic who has not read his Ruskin will be astonished when he does so to find how many of his criticisms have been anticipated. Take, for an example, Ruskin's account of the pictures of the "Middle Period". Colour, refinement and quantity take the place, he says, of grey, force and mass. "Now so long as he introduced all these three changes in an instinctive and unpretending way his work was noble; but the moment . . . he introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. . . . He erred in colour, because, not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy with every species of coloured accessory, until colour was killed by colour, and the blue skies and snowy mountains which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarised by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in refinement; because not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealise even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally, and chiefly, in quantity, because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fulness of nature, he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single frame."

How many voices have echoed this as a criticism on Ruskin?
D. S. M.

PHÈDRE AND MASCARILLE.

OBVIOUSLY, the ideal pleasure to be sought in a theatre is a perfect play perfectly acted. London, however, is not the capital of Utopia, and we must needs be content with what we can get. "Phèdre" I take to be a perfect play of its kind; but for its kind we, here and now, care nothing at all. For us it exists merely as a vehicle for acting—for the performance of the title-part, the other parts being, according to the form of the play, mere feeders. If this part be played perfectly, we have a pleasant evening and no right or wish to grumble. "Les Précieuses Ridicules" I take to be a perfect play, of a kind that appeals to us here and now. The principal part in it, Mascarille, could not be played perfectly except by a very great comedian. In this sinful world great comedians (unless, of course, they are English, or unless they are present members of the Théâtre Français) always follow "the star-system". Thus the choice is usually between seeing the play decently acted all round, or perfectly acted in its principal part, with "the rest nowhere". In *Phèdre* Racine himself set the rest nowhere; there (even his contemporary compatriots would have said) let them remain. But in "Les Précieuses" Molière set the rest in more or less important positions. When they are ousted from these positions, the play loses much of its point and savour. We, caring for the play, resent such loss. But, if we are philosophers, we set in the balance against it the joy of seeing a perfect Mascarille. We are content to take the play as a mere vehicle for him, taking it for its own sake in the printed copies that we read by our own hearths.

As a feast for lovers of acting, there is not likely to be in our time anything better than the recent "bill" at Her Majesty's: Sarah as *Phèdre*, Coquelin as Mascarille. Such is the power of Sarah that she almost makes us forget the obsolescence of Racine. So perfect is her art that we forget how little the play means to us. We are

caught back, as it were, into the Hôtel de Bourgogne, into an age when Attic tragedy lost none of its effect through being confectioned exquisitely in pink and white sugar. We forget the clash of the astricted grandeur in theme and form with the delicate minuet-tishness of the poet's manner. By reason of Sarah we forget Racine. Through the poetry of her own passion Sarah lifts us out of the mazes of Versailles into the court of Phædra herself. Save for her we have no thoughts at all, and the play thus becomes for us evocative of real pity and awe. Altogether, a signal triumph of histrionism over dramaturgy.

There is nothing modish about "Les Précieuses". It is as fresh and vital as on the night when it was produced in the Petit Bourbon. Its satire is as modern as the satire of Aristophanes—one cannot pay it a greater compliment than that. In every age of civilised society there must always be exactly those phenomena which Molière set himself to riddle. There must always be "movements" which, beginning admirably as a protest against vulgarity and as a striving towards fineness of thought and conduct, degenerate lamentably into mere excesses of unmeaning affectation. The theme of "Les Précieuses" is immortal, universal; and the play itself is the perfect type of its kind. Never was satire more swift and deadly than in this juxtaposition of the transcendental exquisites with the absurd rogue of a lacquey. No wonder that at the impact of such a battering-ram the walls of the Hôtel Rambouillet tottered and crumbled to the ground. Some critics, not very sapient, have argued that Molière was attacking merely the vulgar imitators of aristocratic preciousness. Such a theory is obviously false. The two *précieuses* here, Magdelon and Cathos, belong to the *bourgeoisie* merely because Molière, the upholsterer's son, just promoted into the sufrance of the Court, would not have dared to attack in a direct manner persons of noble rank and great influence. By professing to attack mere *bourgeoises*, he managed to make the satire not merely safe so far as he was concerned but also more effective against the true *précieuses*. He got a double juxtaposition by these means: not merely the two *précieuses* in the play cheek by jowl with Mascarille, but also all the *précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet cheek by jowl with their base imitators. You may remember a ballade, in which Mr. Henley attacked the contemporary æsthetes, with the refrain "In fact, my form's the bloomin' utter." There the æsthetes were made ridiculous by association with the lowest forms of cockneyism. But no one with any sense of satire would imagine that Mr. Henley was attacking such members of the lower class as strove to be "greenery-yallery". He was attacking the originators: they alone were worth attacking. Similarly, Molière was attacking the Hôtel Rambouillet itself. Reading the play we revel in its point. When we see it acted, with Coquelin as Mascarille, the point is somewhat obscured. If the other characters were as perfectly played, then all would be well. But that is not a practical hypothesis. When Coquelin appears, the play is put out of joint by his genius. We forget the motive and meaning of the play, merely revelling in that figure of stupendous vulgarity, those leers, those frowns, those ogles, that gay, unscrupulous, unredeemed lowness of soul. When the curtain falls, our one feeling is of regret that there will be no more Coquelin for us this evening. Another triumph of histrionism over dramaturgy! More signal than Sarah's triumph, because here the play itself is a live thing. It is also less justifiable, because this is not a one-part play. However, Coquelin is cheap at any price. We can even forgive him for deliberately cutting out the final scene in which Gorgibus, upbraiding his daughter and niece, rounds the play off and points its moral: "Allez vous cacher, vilaines; allez vous cacher pour jamais. Et vous, qui êtes cause de leur folie, sottes billevesées, pernicious amusements des esprits oisifs, romans, vers, chansons, sonnets et sonnettes, puissiez-vous être à tous les diables!"

Miss Winifred Emery's accession to the part of heroine in "The Second in Command" is pleasant as a sign of her complete recovery from her illness, but it is not an improvement to the play. To me, at least, Miss

Sybil Carlisle was far preferable. A pretty little impossible part ought to be played prettily, and no more. So soon as it is played in grim and forceful earnest, we forget everything but its impossibility. Miss Emery had not been on the stage for three minutes (two of which we spent in her "reception") before we began to feel that her performance was going to be a sore trial. Those eloquent eyes and lips, that affecting voice, that strong and haunting personality! All these redoubtable engines of art brought to bear on poor little What's-her-name, the heroine! When a nut is to be cracked, why drag in a Nasmyth hammer?—especially if the hammer is not a machine under our control, but a live human being, rejoicing in its strength, and quite unable to refrain from crushing husk and kernel out of existence. Since the first night, Mr. Cyril Maude, as the stupid Major, has assumed a lisp—*th* for *s*. I know that in the time whose spirit informs this play a lisp was a symbol of stupidity in general, and of soldierly stupidity in particular. A lisp, therefore, is here artistically right. But there are lisps and lisps. *Th* for *s* is kakophonous and distracting. *W* for *r* is less unpleasant. Besides, it is more traditional. During the rest of the run (which, apparently, will be concurrent with his life-time) Mr. Maude might adopt it. His present trick really does get on one's nerves. It makes his performance positively resistible. MAX.

THE END OF THE OPERA.

AT the Opera there is nothing doing. Most of the singers we really wish ever to hear are gone away, and Covent Garden is in the hands of Melba, Tamagno and a few others. Tamagno goes on Tuesday; I have not yet heard when Calvé goes; but after her disappearance what will even the star-worshippers have left? Apparently we are to have no more Wagner; apparently Doctor Stanford's "Much Ado about Nothing" has failed to establish itself in the repertory; and, in short, there seems little or no reason why the doors of our only Opera should remain open a day longer. It is not a season which can be discussed, for the simple enough reason that scarcely anything has happened. There have been a few memorable performances, chiefly Wagner performances; of course we have had Lara's "Messaline" and Stanford's "Much Ado" and Verdi's "Otello"; and these are all. Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" is down for production next week; but though a pretty work it is not a world-shaking one; and anyhow I will believe it is to be given when the curtain actually rises on the night. To those who follow opera in England principally with the desire to see signs of our ever having a permanent English opera, the most significant happening of the season has been the enormous success of "Messaline". As I said last week here is an English opera, an opera which has doubtless plenty of faults, and yet more genuinely dramatic than anything brought out here by an English composer for many years. The "Musical Standard", usually a sound, sane, trustworthy paper, has gone out on the war-path against it; and in some quarters it has been emphatically denied that Lara is an Englishman at all. I hold no brief for him; but since I admire "Messaline" I have taken the trouble to inquire into the facts; and I would fain ask Mr. Edward Baughan how he would define an Englishman. If it is to be a naturalised subject or the descendant of a naturalised subject, then Mr. de Lara is the latter; if it is to come of a stock that has been settled in this country for nearly two hundred years, then Mr. de Lara is that also. The point is of importance; for the reason why I have been so pleased with the success of "Messaline" is that the opera is written by an Englishman; and it is unfair for the editor of the "Musical Standard" to take away that credit from us. It is a fact, I admit, that the work was written to a French libretto and has up till now only been given in French. Vernon Blackburn made an excellent translation a couple of years ago; and that translation might with advantage be used at Covent Garden. Unfortunately, however, it would be next to impossible to get a cast to sing it in English. No one

can contend for a moment that Dr. Stanford's English-singing cast compared with Lara's set of singers. Perhaps in time an English set may be found or trained; but for the present we must be content to hear the opera in French. As for Stanford's "Much Ado", apart from the lack of dramatic power in the music, the libretto made it a hopeless affair from the first. The mere fact of a composer accepting so poor a book makes one suspect him to be deficient in the essential qualities of a writer of operas. Dr. Stanford has never yet made a success—despite the many struggles of the "Times" on his behalf; and he will never make a success until he realises that in opera as in the spoken drama "the play's the thing". By the way, may I ask what Mr. Julian Sturgis has further to say about the charge he brought against me some weeks ago in this Review? The charge was that of misquotation; and to accuse me of that was as serious an affair as would have been the offence of misquotation had I committed it. But Mr. Sturgis says nothing. As I have pointed out before, in Academic circles the ordinary rules of life do not prevail. Bring a serious charge against a man; and then, when it is shown to be unfounded, drop it and go on your way as if nothing had happened. It is a noble, highly honourable way of getting through the world.

So, nothing being toward at the Opera, I have attended a few concerts; but the only one of note was one given by Mr. David Bispham at S. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Bispham is an astonishing artist. Years ago one would have said that he could never be better—for example when he perfected his Kurvenal; but since then he has progressed until now one is compelled to place him amongst the very greatest singers in the world. His progress has by no means been uniform or steady. Not so long since I had occasion to make most strenuous objection to the tricks of exaggeration into which he had fallen; and I believe I held America responsible for them. Whether that was or was not the case is not a matter that need be settled now: the main thing is that he has thrown them over and come back to us this year (from America) a magnificent artist, master of a noble, broad, mellow style such as is possessed by few singers on the concert-platform or operatic stage. This season at the Opera his readings have been splendid; on Tuesday he made an otherwise intolerable afternoon quite tolerable—in fact more than tolerable, quite enjoyable. His programme was mercifully short—for in these sweltering days a critic is grateful if an artist of even Bispham's power refrains from cooping him up for more than a couple of hours or so. Moreover he induced a lady called Madame von Stosch to come along and assist to beguile the afternoon. Of this lady I prefer to speak after I have heard her again. Bispham sang in his very finest manner. There is nothing to be discussed in any detail; but I may at least mention some nigger songs which were given in a highly refined and what is called an artistic way and yet were full of fun. I was a trifle astonished to see on the programme "Joshua fit the battl' ob Jerico!", but after it had been sung I came away feeling it had been admirably in place. The same art which enables Mr. Bispham to be amusingly artistic in the part of Beckmesser enabled him on this occasion to render everyone helpless with mirth in this song without it being possible to forget that one was listening to a great artist.

A few weeks ago a brother critic and myself, having arranged to suspend all vendettas for two or three days, made a trip to Downside and, as I wrote at the time, heard a quantity of the old polyphonic music. I was so highly delighted that I promised to go again if Messieurs the monks would permit me. Now Mr. Terry sends me a rough programme of a show to be given about four o'clock on 20 July; and it will not be my fault if I do not attend. One must own that it is an extraordinary programme for a school breaking-up; but they are progressive people at Downside. A five-part Lamentation from Tallis will be sung and the Benedictus from a four-part mass; Purcell's "Jehova quam multi" is included; Palestrina's 8 part Stabat Mater follows; and there is quite an imposing heap of other things that can never be heard in London. Probably Father Ford would not thank

me if the whole population of London made a descent on his Abbey; but in case any searcher after light should wish to hear some of the only music adapted to the services of the Roman Church it may be mentioned that to reach Downside you go first to Bath, cross that town to the other station, take train to Chilcompton, and then ask your way. Provided you are admitted you will certainly return home by the special train in the evening feeling that you have not wasted your time. The performance of course takes place in a hall, not in the chapel.

J. F. R.

INSURANCE RECORDS.

THE records of insurance companies which have been established many years contain a great deal that is of interest to students of the past, whether or not they happen to be specially concerned with insurance affairs. This fact is well illustrated by a volume which has just been issued by the Scottish Widows' Fund, called "Life Assurance at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century". A word of praise must be spared for the type, paper, and general get-up of the volume, which are such as to charm the most fastidious; but then the Scottish Widows' Fund generally manages to please, not merely the readers of its publications, but, what is still more important, the entire body of its policy-holders. The first matter contained in the volume is the original prospectus of the society issued in 1811. Only a few months ago we were handling an original copy of this document, and referred to it at length in these columns. We next have an exposition of the objects of the institution, which was published in 1814, when Earl of Rosebery of that time was the President, and the names of the directors included some of the most distinguished men in Scotland. At this time great stress was laid upon the provision of annuities for widows and children, and the idea of provision after a man's death for those dependent upon him was paramount. The modern idea of life assurance as a means of yielding an immediate income is not mentioned. The society has of course worked on the mutual system throughout, and the foundations on which the fund was to be worked are shown to have been sound and well considered from the very first. We next have an address by the manager, delivered in 1829, in which many things that are now familiar, but were then but little known, are clearly set forth. It contains much that is interesting about the data upon which, and the methods by which, the premium rates of the society were calculated and its liabilities valued. All through these early documents there is an atmosphere of prejudice against, and ignorance of, life assurance, and a continued effort to prove the soundness of the system, and the advantages which life assurance provides. Three-quarters of a century later it is curious to read this evidence of past prejudice, and the almost laboured way in which it seemed necessary to establish the truth that the Scottish Widows' Fund was working on sound lines, and was a completely trustworthy institution. Nowadays it is universally recognised that a sound and old-established life office is financially stronger and more to be relied on than any other financial institution, and probably no one office has done so much to convince people of this fact as the Scottish Widows' Fund. Insurance companies represent financial enterprise at its best, and the Scottish Widows' Fund is typical of life assurance at its best; consequently it is a little difficult to place ourselves in the position of those men in past times who seemed to think it necessary to explain to people that the society was a good institution. At the present time the fact is almost too obvious to deserve mention.

From another old office, the Rock Life Assurance Company, we have received a book tracing the progress of life assurance through the nineteenth century, especially as illustrated by the Rock Life Office, which was founded in 1806. There are some specially instructive diagrams, illustrating the financial strength of the office, and its bonus system; while the sketch of life assurance progress brings out very clearly the immense

advance which has been made since the nineteenth century began. The various schemes at present issued by the Rock to provide for innumerable contingencies are especially noticeable when compared with the simple and meagre character of the original prospectus of the Scottish Widows' Fund and it becomes very apparent that in the course of a century the applications of life assurance have been immensely and advantageously increased.

In a somewhat different sphere from such insurance companies as the Scottish Widows' Fund and the Rock the great Friendly Societies do a not less admirable work. The Royal Liver Friendly Society has lately completed fifty years of existence, and in connexion with its jubilee has published an illustrated sketch of its history. It would be captious to say that the book is only attractive in the parlour of the superior working-man, since, despite the vulgarity of the get-up, the volume is eminently suited for the purpose it is intended to fulfil, and amid much that is of little interest we have a solid record of valuable work accomplished by a society, which commencing with a first week's collection of ninepence now receives weekly more than £10,000. It is a story of a great work well and successfully accomplished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Earl's Court Square, 8 July, 1901.

SIR,—I have read with care all your articles on Military Education, indeed all your articles on the army, on the general accuracy and ability of which I must congratulate you. But I have been much astonished at your attacks on the class of persons, so-called "crammers"—of whom I happen to be one—and I hope you will grant me some space for their defence. Without this class of persons, there would have been absolutely no efficient military education, theoretical or practical, in the United Kingdom for either Militia officers or officers preparing for promotion, for the past sixteen years.

As to the supposed treatment of examiners of which you complain. No competent examiner when a set course is prescribed ever ventures either on the Continent or in this country to start conundrums to be answered by native wit, which are outside the course prescribed. An examiner who sets questions on maps compiled out of his own imagination, or sets questions on unintelligible topographical diagrams or who devises puzzles which by no possibility can be answered in the time allowed, i.e. three hours for six or for ten questions, is unfit for his business, and should be removed. Of these examiners and of these only have there been any complaints either from "crammers" or from anyone else.

We never set ourselves "to circumvent or outmanœuvre an examiner". I have always protested against such tricks, and I have prepared a very large proportion of officers who have passed for promotion in the past ten years. I never knew a successful so-called "crammer" who dreamt of such a course of training as is suggested by your contributor. It is easy to attack a class as a class; but in the United Kingdom there are not five "crammers" who have had Promotion classes of a dozen pupils all told since Promotion Examinations began. I know all these teachers; not one of them adopts the methods described in your article.

That "coaches" or "crammers" or "private tutors" are necessary is admitted in every other profession as well as the army, and by no people are the services of crammers more highly esteemed than by the practical Germans. They abound and are well paid and highly distinguished in every large military centre in Germany. With regard to the so-called "practical examiner", as a rule he has been a mere "faddist", perchance a student of the lessons of the Franco-German war and of nothing else. Might I ask you is it "practical" when the authorities prescribe knowledge of a definite

kind which is detailed in "orders" for an examiner to try to find out not what the candidate's knowledge of that kind may be, but what he may have perchance picked up somewhere of a different kind?

I have written to the Press about examiners, but never once have I instigated students to write what I did not write myself over my own name. I have never written except when my pupils were the victims of folly or injustice, and I have always accompanied my letters by ample evidence of the injustice or folly of which I complained, otherwise the Press would probably not have inserted my comments.

If your contributor knows of any "crammers" in London or Aldershot or elsewhere who adopt any methods of an unworthy character surely he can name them. Does he refer to me? If he is an expert he must know that I passed hundreds of officers for Promotion. If he does not refer to me, to whom does he refer?

I assert that we do our duty to the utmost, i.e. we spare no pains to teach any course prescribed by the War Office, practical or theoretical, as well as we possibly can, in the time allotted to us. This I can prove by the written testimony of a large number of the very ablest and most distinguished, most practical and most successful officers both on the Staff and in the regiments of our army.

There is no civilised army for success in which ability to answer written questions and to write theses is not expected and exacted from candidates for Staff employment or for promotion. That there has not been more practical training based on sound theory is the fault, not of crammers, but of Cabinet and War Office mandarins who have not hearkened to the crammers or to any skilful advisers. If they had listened to us for a couple of years before the present war, it would either never have taken place or it would have been over in six months at most.

So long, Sir, to use the words of your article of July 6th "as officers are debarred from devoting their energies to Military Education and so long as study is penalised in the army," surely you ought to be a little more considerate to unfortunate persons like myself, who have tried to give some help to ambitious and studious officers for very little profit and no fame and not even sympathy. The more successful and efficient we have striven to become, the more vigorously we have been abused and ridiculed.

Unfortunately, in common with my friends I have the strongest reasons for appreciating your contributor's remarks regarding the "glorious tradition of the British army, in sympathy with the whole British people, of antipathy to all education". This is very clearly illustrated by the bitterly contemptuous report which I have just received signed "Ian Hamilton, Military Secretary" on the general and professional education of Militia officers, as displayed last March. The gentlemen thus censured certainly did not frequent the halls of, Sir,—Your obedient servant,

T. MILLER MAGUIRE.

[If our correspondent can satisfy the public that had the crammers been listened to they would have brought the war to a successful conclusion in six months, we will indeed never say aught again in their dispraise. —Ed. S.R.]

BLINKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Regent's Park Terrace, N.W., 9 July, 1901.

SIR,—I beg through the SATURDAY REVIEW to call the attention of owners of horses to the evil attending the use of an antiquated barbarism. Blinkers cause great suffering. God has given horses eyes to see and man without thought has half blinded them. The unsupported idea has been that blinkers prevent shying, but horses are more likely to shy when half blinded than when they have full sight. As proof of my opinion, not one of the thousands of army horses has blinkers, and without giving you actual figures of each company, I have reports from the following railway companies, the Great Northern, London and North-Western,

Great Central, Great Western, London Brighton and South Coast, Great Eastern and Midland, who have now upwards of 13,000 horses working without blinkers, the North London Tramways 7,000, and carriers and others 10,000 upwards of 30,000. These horses are now working in London freed from torment, why not the rest? There is a consensus of opinion that horses look, work and feed better without blinkers. And I have not heard of one case of any inconvenience or of any satisfactory reason why blinkers should be used.

I do not ask for any pecuniary assistance in my crusade: my only object is to enlist the thought, humanity and sympathy of the owners at once to remove the cause of unnecessary suffering to our useful servant the horse.

Your very obedient servant,

JOSIAH HARRIS, Col., F.R.G.S.

[We have always thought the use of blinkers for horses quite needlessly general, and we hear with much pleasure that the great railway companies and various industrial firms are giving them up. It is satisfactory to know that they have found the experiment work well. Every Government and municipal authority, whose duties involve the use of horses, should fall in line in this matter, if they have not already done so. Private owners would ultimately follow suit. We are not saying there may not always be particular cases where blinkers will be necessary, but we believe such cases will prove to be quite exceptional, once the prejudice in their favour has been killed.—Ed. S. R.]

NAVAL ENGINEERS AND EXECUTIVE RANK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You kindly gave me space for a letter on the above subject in a recent issue, so that it is with some diffidence I ask you for still further space: but I shall be pleased if you will insert a few remarks on the leading article dealing with this subject in your issue of 27 April; also on a letter signed "Ex-Naval Officer" which appeared on 20 April.

In tracing the evolution of the engineer branch of the Navy, the leading article is fairly accurate; but I think the following paragraph, especially as it is not modified later on, is somewhat misleading. It reads, "As they [the engineer officers] entered the Navy at a somewhat advanced age, and were unacquainted with naval routine and discipline, it is difficult to see what other position (except as civilian officers) could have been assigned to them". This was true up to the early sixties, when the system of training engineer officers as engineer students was introduced. In 1876 in consequence of the difficulty in obtaining suitable candidates to join for training, a committee of naval officers presided over by the late Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key was appointed to advise the Admiralty as to the best method of obtaining a supply of engineer officers for the Navy. This committee recommended certain alterations, including the establishment of a training school for the students, that they should wear the naval uniform, &c. These changes came about in 1877; and since then various advances have been made, so that the engineer student now joins the navy at about the age of fifteen as a subordinate officer, and is trained at the Engineering College at Keyham, Devonport. Here he is subject to the Naval Discipline Act, wears a suitable uniform, is drilled in company, small-arm, cutlass and other drill, instructed in the torpedo and gun-mounting departments, goes out in a gun-vessel for instruction in the management of engine and boiler rooms, &c. at sea, and during the whole of his training is constantly being brought face to face with naval matters—including, I may add, being witness and possibly (as captain of a sub-division) prosecutor at the "petty sessions" held by the Commander of the College. By the age of twenty or twenty-one, therefore, the young engineer on going to sea as a commissioned officer cannot be said to be "unacquainted with naval routine and discipline".

The committee above referred to recommended, amongst other things, that "Engineer officers should

be classed with the military or executive branch of the naval service among those who would not on any occasion succeed to command". All the other recommendations have now been carried out, and the engineers have been expecting for the last twenty-five years that this would also be; several of their number have joined on the expectation of this being done. That these officers should still be classed as "civilians" with the chaplain, surgeon, &c., appears absurd if we take into consideration the responsibility of the engineer in maintaining the fighting efficiency of the ship. A study of Article 967 of the King's Regulations will show that there is very little of the ship and her appliances which the engineer is not in charge of. If we could suppose a hostile projectile to enter a ship gifted with powers of discrimination as to whom it should injure I do not suppose it would damage the surgeon, nor would it touch the chaplain, naval instructor or paymaster, whose duties would be to attend to the wounded; I am afraid however that the engineer would have a very poor time.

Now with respect to the punishment of minor offences, the writer of the leading article omits to say that by Article 757 of the Regulations the captain may also give power to a lieutenant of 21 as officer of the watch to award punishment "for inattention or idleness aloft or on duty, or slackness on watch or in boats". It is a similar power to this the engineers are asking for. It is I believe true that at present engineer officers do punish their men for minor offences committed in their department. A short time ago a very able admiral writing to "Engineering" said, "It is very well known that chief engineers have a handy way of 'settling' with their own people down below without bringing them on deck for every petty neglect of duty. Of course this is not, strictly speaking, legal; but he would be a very foolish Paul Pry of a captain who went poking his nose into such matters, as long as all things work smoothly and there are no complaints". It does not appear to be a great concession, to legalise something which is already being done for the best interests of the Service, and which is well known and recognised as being done illegally. In a recent lecture by Admiral Sir John Hopkins, G.C.B., this able and gallant officer, in suggesting the grant of this power, said, "If this were permitted it would tend largely to improve the chief engineer's position and strengthen his authority". I may remark here that it is no easy matter to maintain discipline among any number from one hundred to three hundred men scattered about in all the dark holes and corners of a ship, employed in all sorts of disagreeable duties under very uncomfortable and inconvenient conditions, especially if we consider that at least one-third of them may have had no previous sea experience. The engineer knows where the shoe pinches and should be assisted in every possible way.

Then as to pay, your leading article says, "this should be not inferior to what the medical officers receive". Unfortunately the pay offered to young engineers is very much inferior to that offered to young surgeons. In fact the full pay offered to an assistant engineer for one or two years is exactly the half pay which would be given to a young surgeon. In other words, the surgeon is as well paid to do nothing as the engineer is to do his full duty. We try to get young engineers to join the navy from our engineering colleges in the large centres, and they will not come, and who can wonder? Seeing that the training of an engineer is quite as expensive and arduous as that of a surgeon and the responsibilities so great, the pay and position offered should certainly be in proportion.

It is possible that in a few years the executive officers may be trained to do engineering duties and the two branches amalgamated; but in the meantime something must be done for the present engineers and to attract suitable officers to the service in the immediate future. I am of opinion that very early steps should be taken to train executive officers in engineering. The watch-keeping lieutenant of the present day is far behind his predecessor of Nelson's time as regards the management of his ship. These latter officers had a thorough personal knowledge how to propel their ships, could control all their interior organisations (such

as they were), could effect repairs to their means of propulsion as necessary after an engagement, and in fact were the backbone of their ships; while the watch-keepers of the present day are compelled to see everything done for them and as far as I know are contented with the conditions.

Now may I ask for a little more space in which to reply to "Ex-Naval Officer". Firstly, let me call attention to the fact that although I stated the definition of "the executive officer" as given in the Regulations, he exposes his want of knowledge of naval matters and misquotes me thus: "and 'executive officer', as your correspondent points out, is only used to express the individual officer who at any time is in command of one of H.M. ships". He evidently does not know the difference between the captain and the "executive officer" of a ship, but it is unkind to accuse me of not knowing, especially as I had quoted the definition. He also appears to lack powers of observation. I am rather pleased that he is not an engineer.

Your correspondent proceeds to attempt to explain the difference between a "combatant" and a "non-combatant". He says, "the test of 'combatant' or 'non-combatant' is this: Are the arms provided for the one primary purpose of making an attack? And will the men so armed in due course take the supreme command in the attack?" He argues from this that an engineer, however he may assist in winning an engagement, cannot be a combatant. What then is the position of a marine serving afloat? He cannot by any chance "take the supreme command in the attack", hence he cannot be a "combatant", which I think even "Ex-Naval Officer" will admit to be absurd.

He further says in reference to my analogy between the engine-room staff of a torpedo-boat destroyer and the drivers of a battery of field artillery, "The real reason why an artillery driver is not a 'non-combatant' is, that in due course he may legally succeed to the command of the battery, indeed he may eventually become a field marshal". Let me again refer to the marine serving afloat; he cannot become a field marshal, certainly not an admiral, and therefore according to "Ex-Naval Officer" is a "non-combatant", which is absurd.

I should like to continue this criticism, but your space is valuable and time is short; so I will pass on to say with reference to his last paragraph that what the engineers want is that the recommendations of Admiral Key's committee which I quoted above may be carried out. Then with a readjustment of pay, &c. we could rely on getting and maintaining a sufficient supply of well-qualified and contented officers for this important branch of the service.

In my previous letter I referred to the difficulty of getting young engineers for the Navy: this difficulty appears to be increasing, as might be expected. In 1899 a number of these officers were required to supplement those trained at Keyham and twelve were obtained, six getting lower marks in the examination than the last man from Keyham. At the similar examination in 1900, six only were obtained. Then it was decided to enter some "temporary service" men (so called) which step had not been necessary since 1897: so an examination was held in December last, three were caught, and joined the Navy on 1 January (see May Navy List, page 138 b). Evidently this was unsatisfactory, so another examination was held in March last, and one was caught. Now I see by "Engineering" that yet another examination is to be held for "temporary service" men, besides an examination for direct entry men from outside colleges. This is pitiful. We are spending millions on battleships and cruisers, yet the Admiralty grudge a few paltry concessions (the money cost of which would be only some fraction of the cost for annual upkeep of one ship) to the men without whose loyal and able care they will be of no more value than so many tons of scrap iron. Admiral Sir J. Hopkins recently said that the Admiralty had no time to initiate reforms: they can only be brought about by outside pressure. Who will exercise this pressure? I am hoping Sir that by your assistance in publishing letters of this kind attention will be called to this possible cause of national disaster, and I remain, yours faithfully,

"EFFICIENCY."

REVIEWS.

GEORGE MEREDITH AS POET.

"A Reading of Life, with other Poems." By George Meredith. London: Constable. 1901. 6s. net.

MR. MEREDITH has always suffered from the curse of too much ability. He has both genius and talent, but the talent, instead of acting as a counterpoise to the genius, blows it yet more windily about the air. He has almost all the qualities of a great writer, but some perverse spirit in his blood has mixed them to their mutual undoing. When he writes prose, the prose seems always about to burst into poetry; when he writes verse, the verse seems always about to sink into prose. He thinks in flashes, and writes in shorthand. He has an intellectual passion for words, but he has never been able to accustom his mind to the slowness of their service; he tosses them about the page in his anger, tearing them open and gutting them with a savage pleasure. He has so fastidious a fear of dirtying his hands with what other hands have touched that he makes the language over again, so as to avoid writing a sentence or a line as anyone else could have written it. His hatred of the commonplace becomes a mania, and it is by his headlong hunt after the best that he has lost by the way its useful enemy, good. In prose he would have every sentence shine, in verse he would have every line sparkle; like a lady who puts on all her jewellery at once, immediately after breakfast. As his own brain never rests, he does not realise that there are other brains which feel fatigue; and as his own taste is for what is hard, ringing, showy, drenched with light, he does not leave any cool shadows to be a home for gentle sounds, in the whole of his work. His books are like picture galleries, in which every inch of wall is covered, and picture screams at picture across its narrow division of frame. Almost every picture is good, but each suffers from its context. As time goes on, Mr. Meredith's mannerisms have grown rigid, like old bones. Exceptions have become rules, experiments have been accepted for solutions.

In Mr. Meredith's earliest verse there is a certain harshness, which seems to come from a too urgent desire to be at once concise and explicit. "Modern Love", published in 1862, remains Mr. Meredith's masterpiece in poetry, and it will always remain, beside certain things of Donne and of Browning, an astonishing feat in the vivisection of the heart in verse. It is packed with imagination, but with imagination of so nakedly human a kind that there is hardly an ornament, hardly an image, in the verse: it is like scraps of broken, of heart-broken, talk, overheard and jotted down at random, hardly suggesting a story, but burning into one like the touch of a corroding acid. These cruel and self-torturing lovers have no illusions, and their "tragic hints" are like a fine, pained mockery of love itself, as they struggle open-eyed against the blindness of passion. The poem laughs while it cries, with a double-mindedness more constant than that of Heine; with, at times, an acuteness of sensation carried to the point of agony at which Othello sweats words like these:

"O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born!"

Mr. Meredith has written nothing more like "Modern Love", and for twenty years after the publication of the volume containing it he published no other volume of verse. In 1883 appeared "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth", in 1887 "Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life"; and, in 1888, "A Reading of Earth", to which "A Reading of Life" is a sort of companion volume. The main part of this work is a kind of nature-poetry unlike any other nature-poetry; but there are several groups which must be distinguished from it. One group contains "Cassandra", from the volume of 1862, "The Nuptials of Attila", "The Song of Theodolinda", "King Harald's Trance", and "Aneurin's Harp", from the volume of 1887. There is something fierce, savage, convulsive, in the passion which informs these poems; a note sounded in our days by no other poet,

not even by Leconte de Lisle in the "Poèmes Barbares". The words rush rattling on one another, like the clashing of spears or the ring of iron on iron in a day of old-world battle. The lines are javelins, consonanted lines full of force and fury, as if sung or played by a northern skald harping on a field of slain. There is another group of romantic ballads, containing the early "Margaret's Bridal Eve", and the later "Archduchess Anne" and "The Young Princess". There are also the humorous and pathetic studies in "Roadside Philosophers" and the like, in which, forty years ago, Mr. Meredith anticipated, with the dignity of a poet, the vernacular studies of Mr. Kipling and others. And, finally, there is a section containing poems of impassioned meditation, beginning with the lofty and sustained ode to "France, December 1870", and ending with the volcanic volume of "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History", published last year.

But it is in the poems of nature that Mr. Meredith is most consistent to an attitude, most himself as he would have himself. There is in them an almost pagan sense of the nearness and intimacy of the awful and benignant powers of nature; but this sense, once sufficient for the making of poetry, is interpenetrated, in this modern poet, by an almost scientific consciousness of the processes of evolution. Earth seen through a brain, not a temperament, it might be defined; and it would be possible to gather a complete philosophy of life from these poems, in which, though "the joy of earth" is sung, it is sung with the wise, collected ecstasy of Melampus, not with the irresponsible ecstasy of the Mænads. It is not what Browning calls "the wild joy of living", but the strenuous joy of living in perfect accordance with nature, with the sanity of animals who have climbed to reason, and are content to be guided by it. It is a philosophy which may well be contrasted with the transcendental theories of a poet with whom Mr. Meredith may otherwise be compared, Emerson. Both, in different ways, have tried to make poetry out of the brain, forgetting that poetry draws nourishment from other soil, and dies in the brain as in a vacuum. Both have taken the abstract, not the concrete, for their province; both have tortured words in the cause of ideas, both have had so much to say that they have had little time left over for singing.

Mr. Meredith has never been a clear writer in verse; "Modern Love" requires reading and re-reading; but at one time he had a somewhat exasperating semblance of lucidity, which still lurks mockingly about his work. A freshman who heard Mallarmé lecture at Oxford said when he came away: "I understood every word, but not a single sentence". Mr. Meredith is sometimes equally tantalising. The meaning seems to be there, just beyond one, clearly visible on the other side of some hard transparency through which there is no passage. Have you ever seen a cat pawing at the glass from the other side of a window? It paws and paws, turns its head to the right, turns its head to the left, walks to and fro, sniffing at the corner of every pane; its claws screech on the glass, in a helpless endeavour to get through to what it sees before it; it gives up at last, in an evident bewilderment. That is how one figures the reader of Mr. Meredith's later verse. In the new book there is a poem called "A Garden Idyl"; it is meant to be a simple tale, with the suggestion of an allegory in it; but all one's wits are needed, with the closest attention, to find out so much as exactly what happened. The first lines which we chanced to read, on opening the book, were these:

"Bands of her limpid primitives,
Or patterned in the curious braid,
Are the blest man's."

Turn a few pages, and you will read:

"Or is't the widowed's dream of her new mate?
Seen has she virulent days of heat in flood;
The sly Persuader snaky in his blood;
With her the barren Huntress alternate;
His rough refractory off on kicking heels
To rear; the man dragged rearward, shamed, amazed;
And as a torrent stream where cattle grazed,
His tumbled world."

Now it is not merely that Mr. Meredith's meaning is not obvious at a glance, it is, in such passages, ugly in its obscurity, not beautiful. There is not an uglier line in the English language than:

"Or is't the widowed's dream of her new mate."

It is almost impossible to say it at all. Often Mr. Meredith wishes to be too concise, and squeezes his thoughts together like this:

"and the totterer Earth detests,

Love shuns, grim logic screws in grasp, is he."

In his desire to cram a separate sentence into every line, he writes such lines as:

"Look I once back, a broken pinion I."

He thinks differently from other people, and not only more quickly; and his mind works in a kind of double process. Take, for instance, this phrase:

"Ravenous all the line for speed."

An image occurs to him, the image of a runner, who, as we say, "devours" the ground. Thereupon he translates this image into his own dialect, where it becomes intensely vivid if it can be caught in passing; only, to catch it in passing, you must go through two mental processes at once. That is why he cannot be read aloud. In a poem where every line is on the pattern of the line we have quoted, every line has to be unriddled; and no brain works fast enough to catch so many separate meanings, and to translate as it goes.

How fine Mr. Meredith can still be when at his best, and how much we lose by losing one of his meanings, may be seen from this sonnet, called "At the Close", in which a noble thought is rendered with splendid and reticent dignity:

"To Thee, dear God of Mercy, both appeal,
Who straightway sound the call to arms. Thou know'st;

And that black spot in each embattled host,
Spring of the blood-stream, later wilt reveal.

Now is it red artillery and white steel;

Till on a day will ring the victor's boast,

That 'tis Thy chosen towers uppermost,

Where Thy rejected grovels under heel.

So in all times of man's descent insane

To brute, did strength and craft combining strike,

Even as a God of Armies, his fell blow.

But at the close he entered Thy domain,

Dear God of Mercy, and if lion-like

He tore the fall'n, the Eternal was his Foe."

The thought, in Mr. Meredith's work, is always noble; he is always careful to

"Give to imagination some pure light";

his air is always bracing, when once we have climbed through the clouds which coil about his feet. No writer of our time has been loftier-minded, subtler in intelligence, or more instinctive in feeling. "More brain, O Lord, more brain!" he cries, on behalf of women, in "Modern Love", and it is to the brain that he has always addressed himself, with a consistent disregard of the easier appeal of the emotions.

"Assured of worthiness we do not dread
Competitors",

he has said, proudly conscious that, in spite of some weaknesses and more excesses, he has little to dread from most of the "rivals, tightly belted for the race" whom he has seen straining towards the same goal.

SOCIALISM AND TRUSTS.

"Trusts and the State." By Henry W. Macrosty. The Fabian Series I. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 5s.

THE Fabian essayist and pamphleteer has had a good deal to do with the shaping of such socialistic thought as exists in England. If it had been possible to muzzle all the other preachers of socialism who weave vague idealistic schemes, and dream futilely of accomplishing them by revolution, much greater modifications of pure individualism by State action would have been introduced into English society than have so far found acceptance. In noticing recently under the title "Ethics and Socialism" cer-

tain books that have recently been published, we referred to the harm that had been done by writers on socialism who are satisfied with nothing less than reconstructing society *de novo*, utterly regardless of historic continuity, and on a basis of so-called ideal justice and equality which in fact means little more than the dreary exercise of a mechanical imagination. This is perfectly well known to all who take a sober view of the possibilities and probabilities of the transformation of our individualist society, and we could not have imagined a writer so well acquainted as is Mr. Macrosty with economic facts, and the facts of human nature which have to be taken into account in every forecast of development, not reproving these impotent theorists. "Writers of Utopian fiction" he says "with their dreams of industrial armies disciplined in military manner, of successive grades of workers electing each other by secret ballot and one man one vote, have done much to discredit the cause of collectivism". In looking for tendencies of fresh economic development we must not imagine that anything is going to be done from a pure principle of benevolence or justice. Selfishness has been the key-note of competition and individualism, and the great trading classes will not depose their idol until they see that it is bringing waste and ruin in its train. The modern history of industrialism is the growth of the knowledge that unlimited competition has had its day. That is the secret of the trusts and syndicates whose end and aim is to regulate competition and to set up in its place organised monopolies. In all the great industries this process is going on rapidly. Firms that would otherwise cut each other's throats combine to control some branch of trade. They war down those who will not come into the "combine", and then they have the whole market at their disposal. The effects are not only felt nationally but internationally. The huge trusts of America have become a danger to the less organised industries of other countries, and even if protection of native industries is attempted the competition of unorganised national industries is too weak in neutral markets to match that of the trust.

Everything is in its favour: the enormous capital, the economy of working, the ability it can command; all these things are advantages which the monopoly possesses over the competitive system. Above all, the trusts can so be worked as to square supply with demand, and avoid the over-production with consequent crises of bad trade which are the consequences of the old competition most destructive both to the capitalist and to workmen. Of course ruin follows in the train of this new development too, and there is the prospect which is so repellent to men who love freedom that when it is completed society will be ruled by monopolists. In America, Australia, and New Zealand efforts have been made, or are being made, to stop the process by legislation, but they have not been successful nor are they likely to be. As a system of production the monopoly is seen to have immense advantages over unrestricted competition; and it is impossible for society to acquiesce in a system so wasteful as the latter. But the time will come when society will be confronted with the tyranny of the trust, and its only resource will be to take over the organised industries. Mr. Macrosty tells the well-known story of the regulation of industry by the State since the passing of the Factory Acts, and shows how the tendency has increased for the monopolies of public services to pass into the hands of the State and the municipalities. Traders complain of the monopoly of the railway companies and steamship companies, whose rates in favour of foreign goods give unfair advantage to foreign competitors in the home market. The State and municipalities have been driven by necessity to extend, or contemplate extending, their ownership of the means of production. The Navy has suffered from such events as the engineers' strike and coal strikes, or from private firms being too busy with other work to fulfil Government contracts. The high price of coal has led the Glasgow Corporation to propose the ownership of its own coal pits. Lord Ranfurly in his speech at the opening of the New Zealand Parliament on 2 July made the same proposal on the same ground; and he also announced that legislation would be proposed for making illegal the

contracts of the trusts for fixing abnormal prices of food-stuffs and coal. A forecast of the future seems to suggest as the next movement towards socialism the transference to the State of most of the great productive and distributive agencies, as the Post Office and the Telegraph have been transferred, simply as a matter of convenience and expediency to the community, and not as a measure of benevolence or supposed justice to the labouring classes. That time will probably come when the various grades of the black-coated middle classes have made up their minds that whether under unrestricted competition or under private monopolies their position is intolerable; that they scorn delights and live laborious days in the present with as little to hope for in the future as the bulk of the so-called working classes. They are not ripe for the change yet, because they have always a sneaking feeling that, however it may be with their neighbours, there is still some chance that by a stroke of luck they may happen on some of the plunder in the industrial and commercial *mêlée*. When they have given up this possibility they will help in the work which they would not put a finger to from any notions of justice, benevolence, or humanity, or from any feeling for a higher ideal of moral and intellectual life.

A good deal of Mr. Macrosty's book deals with the re-organisation and reconstruction of society which has been brought about by the rise and growth of co-operation amongst the working classes, the development of trades unions, and the increased powers of municipal corporations. The growth of limited liability companies has also been a step in the natural process by which monopoly has begun to take the place of competition. In the operations of limited liability companies the dishonesty, wastefulness, recklessness and moral irresponsibility of modern industry and commerce have been as it were focussed and brought under public notice. The more or less abortive Prevention of Corruptions Bill is at once the sign of prevailing immorality, and of the powerlessness of society to protect itself against fraud and illegitimate trading. Opponents of the extension of the trading operations of municipalities speak often of municipal corruption, and they are fond of referring to the example of America. The truth is that in England the municipalities compare more than favourably with the record of the joint-stock companies, and Mr. Harrison, an ex-chairman of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, may be believed when he says that he does not know of any very flagrant case in which a town council has been proved dishonest to its trust.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

"The Royal Observatory, Greenwich: a Glance at its History and Work." By E. Walter Maunder. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1900. 5s.

IF we study the history of those vast masses of organised knowledge which we call the natural or physical sciences, we see that in nearly every case a practical human need has in the first instance set men to study some group of natural phenomena, that they might acquire a greater mastery of this particular aspect of Nature. The search after new knowledge, begun as a means to a practical end, has however constantly tended to become an end in itself; though over and over again the elaborate development of a science on purely theoretical lines has unexpectedly furnished a key to some practical problem. To the uninitiated such applications may appear to be the chief justification of the abstract science, but it may be doubted whether they loom large in the eyes of those to whom scientific progress is mainly due. The pure desire for knowledge, the sense of power arising from the possession of a new method of discovery, the intellectual satisfaction experienced when disconnected phenomena are united and harmonised by some new generalisation, these are in general the most potent influences that stimulate and encourage a real scientific investigator.

The history of astronomy, and in particular the history of Greenwich Observatory, afford a good illustration. The great voyages of the fifteenth and two succeeding centuries rendered the problem of determining the

position of a ship in mid ocean one of national importance. The determination of latitude presented no serious difficulty, but, notwithstanding the revolution that had been effected by Copernicus and his successors, astronomy was still unable to furnish navigators with a satisfactory method of finding the longitude. It was to remedy this defect that Charles II. founded the Royal Observatory in 1675 and ordered the annual payment of a pittance to John Flamsteed in order that he might "apply himself . . . to the rectifying the tables of the motions of the Heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the so-much-desired longitude of places for the perfecting the art of navigation".

The Observatory thus founded became and long remained the chief source of accurate observation of the position and motion of the heavenly bodies; Greenwich observations were at once the servants and the pitiless critics of the wonderful structure of theoretical astronomy built up by Newton and his Continental successors. Less than a hundred years after the foundation of the Observatory, the longitude problem was solved in duplicate with an accuracy sufficient for the nautical requirements of the time; Harrison's chronometer and Maskelyne's "British Mariner's Guide", soon to be replaced by the "Nautical Almanac" were the material embodiments of the two solutions. From this time onwards Greenwich could have provided its share of the necessary data for ascertaining longitude by a very moderate number of regular observations and a corresponding amount of computation. The scanty staff and slender instrumental equipment of the Observatory as it existed in the latter part of the eighteenth century would have sufficed for these simple requirements. The actual history of the Observatory has fortunately been very different. The fundamental observations of the heavenly bodies have been carried on with ever-increasing accuracy and on a vaster and vaster scale; one of the many departments of the modern observatory is now co-operating with seventeen other observatories in preparing a photographic chart of the sky on which the places of some forty million stars will be shown with far greater accuracy than in the catalogue of 3,000 stars which was Flamsteed's great work. Entirely new departments have come into being; the testing of chronometers, meteorological and magnetic observations, the determination of the true time, its transmission to the General Post Office, and thence throughout the country, all have an obvious bearing on navigation, and are otherwise of public service; but several other branches of work, such as the daily record of spots on the sun, photographing of nebulae, observations of double stars, and eclipse expeditions have only the remotest connexion with any utilitarian object and must be justified—if justification be needed—on quite other grounds.

Mr. Maunder's long connexion with Greenwich is only one of several qualifications which have enabled him to write an interesting and instructive account of the origin and growth of the Observatory, to put before the reader the personal characteristics of the remarkable series of men who have in turn held the office of Astronomer Royal, and to give a vivid impression of the multifarious duties to which the energies of the present staff are devoted. We will make only one criticism. In laying so much stress on the connexion between the work now carried on and the original intentions of Charles II., Mr. Maunder appears to us to do less than justice to the zeal and initiative of successive Astronomers Royal. He might, we think, with advantage have admitted and gloried in the fact that much of what is now done at Greenwich is pure scientific research, carried on for the advancement of knowledge in itself and not merely to forward the mercantile or naval interests of the country.

PROTECTOR SOMERSET.

"England under Protector Somerset." By A. F. Pollard. London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 6s. net.

PROTECTOR SOMERSET has figured largely in the historical writing of the last twenty years; but it must be confessed that most of the authors who have dealt with him have treated him rather as a

symbol of certain aspects of the English Reformation than as a man whose private character and idiosyncrasies require careful investigation. The reign of Edward VI. has mainly attracted the attention of persons interested in the religious history of England; and their attitude to Edward Seymour, his policy and his works, has been determined by their standpoint as Romanists or Anglicans, as High Churchmen, Low Churchmen or Nonconformists. According as we love or hate the main movement of any age, our views of those who led it tend to be drawn in too bright or too dark colours. Somerset's memory has suffered many things from the adherents of the old faith, who have a trick of lading on his shoulders acts for which his base successor Northumberland was really responsible. Father Gasquet, for example, who passes for an historian of merit, does not shrink from writing that Somerset "did not rest till he had deposed Gardiner from the see of Winchester". But, as Mr. Pollard has to point out, Gardiner was deprived on 15 February, 1551, while the late Protector had fallen from his high place sixteen months before. On the other hand Protestant writers sometimes fall into the opposite extreme of explaining away anything that seems sinister in Seymour's rule by the hypothesis that it was thrust upon him by his unscrupulous colleagues Dudley and Wriothesley. We cannot ascribe to their influence his one most flagrant fault—rapacity in building up an enormous private fortune by unworthy methods. We should love him better had he died less rich.

Mr. Pollard has chosen to make his valuable and interesting book a history of England under Somerset rather than a biography of the Protector. This we somewhat regret, for to understand the man the reader requires a much more minute knowledge of his career under Henry VIII. than is to be got from the seven pages (pp. 8-14) devoted to a sketch of his early life. It would be most profitable to have some account of the means by which Seymour won the regard and unswerving protection of his cruel and suspicious master. For, judging him by his after career, we should have thought that a man of his views and character would have been eminently out of place as a minister to King Henry. A merciful man, with a strong interest in the liberties of the nation and the Parliament and a decided tendency towards Calvinism, he must have contrived to disguise his feelings in a way which seems very alien to his disposition, if he succeeded in hiding them from his master's eye. It is perhaps most probable that the King did not fail to fathom him, but spared and trusted him, because of his evident honesty of purpose, and still more because he saw that Seymour would be the one faithful guardian to whom the heir-apparent could be entrusted. All his future was bound up in his nephew's prosperity, and he had no motive to play false. As to his private views on Church and State, King Henry intended to clog and fetter him by leaving him colleagues who would restrain and hinder him in introducing changes. It was Somerset's ultimate misfortune that he defeated his master's intentions and made himself supreme for a time, where he had been intended to be merely one of a committee.

Like most biographers, Mr. Pollard has studied his subject till he has become a supporter through thick and thin of Somerset's policy. He will not even allow that his attempt to enforce by arms the fulfilment of the marriage treaty with Scotland was necessarily a mistake. At the time when the social troubles of Kett's rebellion broke out in England and caused the Protector's fall, he holds that there was still a chance of success in Scotland—a view with which it is hard to agree. Pinkie Cleugh and its slaughter had made the marriage scheme impossible, even though there were many Scottish nobles who were base enough to sell themselves to the invader. The only thing that we can find to praise in Seymour's dealing with Scotland is the admirable manifesto to the inhabitants of that realm which he published in January 1548. We wish that we had space to quote in full the long extract from it which Mr. Pollard gives on pp. 163-4. Somerset warns the Scots that he does not come for their conquest and subjection. He wishes "not to conquer but to have in amitie: not to wynne by force, but to con-

ciliate by love: not to spoyle and kill, but to save and keepe: not to dissever and divorce, but to joyne in marriage from high to low, both the realms: to make of one Isle one realm, in love amitie concord and charitie. . . . We two, being made one, bee most able to defend us against all nations, and having the sea for our wall, mutual love for garrison, and God for defence, should make so noble and well-agreeing a monarchy, that neither in peace we may be ashamed, nor in war afraid of any worldly power. Why should not you be as desirous of the same, and have as much cause to rejoice in it as we?" This is a really excellent prophecy of the benefits that the Union was to produce: there were Scots who did not shrink from the idea. But the slaughter of Pinkie spoiled all: "it was not so much the match that Scotland disliked, but the manner of wooing."

Two points in favour of Somerset we think that Mr. Pollard is thoroughly successful in establishing. The first is his extraordinary mildness of mood to his enemies, the other his honest attempt to favour constitutional government, and to do away with the autocratic régime of Henry VIII. The early years of Edward VI. are the only period in the age of the Reformation during which religious persecution slept. The zeal of Roman Catholic martyrologists cannot find any name of one who perished for conscience sake in Somerset's time. The nearest approach to a victim is Dr. John Story, who made a violent speech in Parliament using as his text the verse in Ecclesiastes "Woe unto thee, O Land, when thy king is a child". For this he was put in ward for six weeks by order of the House of Commons. Crispin and Moreman, who were imprisoned for a much longer space, were punished for the purely secular offence of stirring up insurrection in Cornwall. At the other end of the religious scale, there may be cited the public penance of half a dozen Anabaptists who were compelled to "bear a faggott" at St. Paul's Cross and to be preached over. When we reflect that we are in the middle of the sixteenth century, we must concede that this is a wonderful record for the good Protector. "It is only necessary to look before and after": says Mr. Pollard, "to remember Fisher and More, Barnes and Lambert and Powell under Henry VIII.: Joan Bocher and George van Paris under Northumberland: Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley and a noble army of martyrs under Mary: Campion, Robert Southwell and the two hundred victims of Elizabeth's reign . . . to realise that the sway of a 'rank Calvinist' may not be without its compensations". The best testimony to Somerset's merciful heart is that the religious executions began within six months after his fall with the burning of Joan Bocher, and never ceased during the rest of the century.

There is an almost equally good record of the Protector's zeal for the restoration of constitutional liberty. His dealings with Parliament argue a very consistent attempt to rule without the autocratic methods of the Tudors. Indeed the only serious charge against him is that he suffered his brother the Admiral to be attainted instead of impeached for his conspiracy to seize the regency. Thomas Seymour was a reckless, vicious, unscrupulous adventurer: "the furthest man from the fear of God that ever I knew", as Latimer called him. He was undoubtedly guilty of treason, and was hunted down by Somerset's colleagues rather than by the Protector himself. The same men who afterwards slew the elder brother were prominent in the attainting of the younger. But there can be no doubt that Somerset, if he had asserted himself, might have secured his brother a more legal form of trial: perhaps he might even have saved his life, though that would have been no boon to England.

We must spare a special word of praise for the excellent bibliography at the end of this volume. It will be invaluable to all students of the Reformation period. From it the reader may realise the enormous difficulties of constructing a full narrative of the time, when good contemporary histories are few, while State papers and private correspondence exist in enormous bulk, scattered over scores of unlikely places. There are a few slips in the book but none of much moment, save perhaps the curious statement that Queen Elizabeth lost the value of several years' revenue on the reform of the coinage.

As a matter of fact she was such a good business woman that she made some £15,000 or £18,000 on that difficult transaction.

NOVELS.

"The Luck of the Vails." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Benson's reputation resembles a wind-bag. It was inflated by public curiosity as to the model of his "Dodo", and every fresh demand upon it leaves the thing more limp, flabby and dejected. We believed that in the "Princess Sophia" he had reached the lowest literary depth possible in a man of breeding and education. But he has now condescended to write a story which has all the characteristics, except the melodramatic interest, of a shilling shocker. It is deleterious without being invigorating, like a temperance decoction of absinthe. A dedication ascribes the plot to the author's brother, and it is certainly a thing to disclaim, for it is little more than a "serve up" of a hundred familiar mysteries. The "Luck of the Vails" is a jewelled vase, which brings both good and bad fortune to its finder. Mr. Benson is evidently proud of his villain, an irritatingly sententious old man who tries to murder his nephew. In season and out of season, we are informed of his passion for flute-playing and incited to wonder over the stupendous contrast between this gentle accomplishment and murderous propensities, though for our part we should never be surprised by any crime on the part of a flute-player. Secret passages and the usual abortive epigrams are introduced with equal infelicity and when the characters endeavour to be smart, they are rarely otherwise than silly. "I always wonder where the lower orders get their good looks from", said Lady Oxted parenthetically. Harry picked up his straw hat. "Probably from the lower orders", he remarked. "Let's have tea . . . Lady Oxted". "Elephantine wit", sighed that lady . . . "When Lady Oxted makes a joke", said the lad, "she always reminds me of a sucking spring directly underfoot. I give one water-logged cry and am swallowed up. Do pour out tea for us, Lady Oxted. You are such an excellent tea-maker". The references to the tea and the straw hat are characteristic of Mr. Benson's methods. Here is a specimen of his style: "'No, Jim', he said, 'come with us a little further'. And, like man and man, not master and groom, he (*sic*) put his arm through that of the groom".

"The Serious Wooing." By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

"The Serious Wooing" would have been a better book if its writer had decided whether it were to be tragedy, satire or farce. It is, in parts, excellent fooling, and there are shrewd hits at certain aspects of modern society. The characters are almost all very "smart" people, and there is no background to the tinsel. But the reader rises with a feeling that John Oliver Hobbes is not quite so much a man of the world as Mrs. Craigie fancies. The story is very modern in its allusions, but we should not be surprised if it should turn out that its writer had routed out its skeleton from a long-locked cabinet, and attempted to revive it by sprinkling out of a pepper-pot casual references to Mrs. Botha, "Florodora", and the King's Accession. As the work of an inexperienced writer it would show great promise: as it is, one is disposed to think that the success of the "Ambassador" has led Mrs. Craigie the novelist into the quagmires of staginess. The heroine is curiously unconvincing, and the character treated with most respect is a failure; for no one ever met a Jesuit who was a prig.

"Love of Comrades: a Romance." By Frank Mathew. London: John Lane. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Stevenson's "Black Arrow" was not one of his successes, and yet his judgment was far too sound to allow the story to be told by the girl who masqueraded in boy's dress. Mr. Mathew is less wise, and has even gone so far as to make his heroine a flighty schoolgirl of the nineteenth century, while the scene of his story is Ireland in Strafford's time. It is a period and a region teeming in romantic materials and hitherto neglected, but, except for the sketch of the fierce Puritan "Milo of

the Sword", the author has made practically nothing of it. The book strikes us as very hastily and carelessly written, and will disappoint all who have read Mr. Mathew's earlier work.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Germ" 1850. London: Elliot Stock. 1901. 10s. 6d. net.

This is an interesting reprint of the four numbers of the famous organ of the Præraphælite Brotherhood—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Woolner, Millais and Holman Hunt. Of the contributors to "The Germ" only two, we believe—Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. W. M. Rossetti—are now living. The latter writes an introduction in the course of which he refers to the mistake he made a few years ago in commenting on a false rhyme in "The Blessed Damozel" given by the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" of 1856 which in point of fact was not so given. We pointed out this on 25 June, 1898. "Many thanks to the writer in the 'Saturday Review'", says Mr. Rossetti, "for showing that, while I, and also Mr. Sharp, had made a mistake, my brother had made none". An interesting and curious feature of "The Germ" is the work of James Collinson, a man of considerable gifts, and in those days one of the most enthusiastic of the new school.

"Poisonous Plants in Field and Garden." By Professor Henslow. London: S.P.C.K. 1901. 2s. 6d.

This at the first glance may strike one as a very terrifying book, for it includes among the poisonous plants many that we handle almost daily during our country walks and some which we very much like to eat. Why it includes the delicious scarlet-runner! But looking closer we take comfort. The scarlet-runner is all right provided we don't eat it raw as sheep have been known to. And it was only a Chinese woman who was "reported to have been very ill" after eating the leaves of an acacia tree. "For poisoning by laburnum seeds, &c., Mr. Blyth recommends emptying the stomach by the pump." But who in the world is going to eat such things? We cannot take Professor Henslow with deadly seriousness. Still the book is by no means a useless one.

"Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation." London: Murray. 1901. 5s.

This is No. 1 of the new series of the Journal for 1901, and it consists of 145 pages, twenty of which are notes of an exceedingly interesting character. We notice that the articles are now kept very strictly to the purposes of the Journal as the organ of the society with special objects. There is a remarkably good portrait of Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, one of the members of the Council. A new feature is the inception of an effort to review the legislation of European States, and a beginning is made with France and Germany for 1900; but, as the editors admit, this first effort, especially in the case of France, is very imperfect. The promise to include later the legislation of America, Federal and State, opens up a prospect rather appalling if it is to be summarised formally. A judicious critical survey we should have thought more instructive. We can only mention as specimens of what may be called more socially interesting articles Mr. Crackanthorpe's on "Crime and Punishment", Mr. Acworth's on "Rights of Railway Passengers in respect of Unpunctuality", Dr. Fritz Rathenau's on "Education of Neglected Children in Germany" and Mr. A. W. Renton's on "Criminal Responsibility in Mental Disease": all treated, of course, from the view of comparative law.

"The May Book." Compiled by Mrs. Aria. London: Macmillan. 1901. 10s.

More than sixty authors and artists have contributed to this book which is published in aid of the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital. The poems by Meredith and Henley are illustrated by the handwriting of the authors; the illustrations from great artists of the present and the past are well reproduced on good paper; the stories are on the whole typical of the authors, and they are short. What more could the indirectly charitable want?

"The Melita of the Midlands." By an ex-Rector. London: Watts. 1901. 3s. 6d.

The title of this book is appropriately bad. An ex-Rector with the help of a thread of very unreal romance tells the tale of the village he left because it was not good "for a society man [like himself] to be cut off from intercourse with congenial minds." There is much weak theological inquiry, many ill-natured allusions to the neighbouring clergy, much bad taste, some execrable verse, a burden of irrelevant references to the poets and classics, some rusty Latin and a gratuitous display of capacity for misquotation. These details are pervaded by a spirit of irrepressible egotism.

"Harrow." By J. Fischer Williams. London: Bell. 1901. 3s. 6d.

This addition to the list of handbooks of the great public schools contains only a small amount of material, historically new; but it is none the worse on that account. It is avowedly written for non-Harrowians as well as old boys and on the whole is a happy compromise. The historical part is clear and

well condensed and the description of life in the school, as experienced twelve years ago, if a little dull to an old public school reader, is pleasantly written and no doubt would give to the outsider a true enough notion of the details of the normal schoolboy experience.

"A Cabinet Secret" by Guy Boothby, which we reviewed last week, was published by Mr. John Long and not by Messrs. F. V. White & Co. as stated.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le Brasseur d'Affaires. Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff. 1901. 3f. 50c.

The "stodgy" days of M. Georges Ohnet are, we believe, over: he seems to have abandoned the haute bourgeoisie for the "viveur", "noceur" and adventurer. And although he still guards a certain respectability born, no doubt, of a desire to preserve the patronage of his old clientèle, he is decidedly gay at times and even a little risqué. The change began with "Gens de la Noce" a year or so ago, and Paris marvelled. Instead of the dreary personages who had figured for years past in the "Batailles de la Vie", came fast ladies and gentlemen who supped together in gay restaurants and haunted the open-air cafés on the Champs-Élysées. There were intrigues, quarrels, scandals. The men laughed loud and long, the women giggled—Paris wondered what had happened to M. Ohnet. Then, in the "Ténébreuse", appeared a number of unscrupulous fellows whose aim it was to discover the secret of an amazing powder which would revolutionise modern warfare; also a beautiful and dangerous woman who acted as a decoy; and other "viveurs". And, towards the end of the volume, M. Ohnet's admirers must have been astonished by the introduction of a most passionate "situation". Months have passed since "la Ténébreuse"—the dangerous woman—swallowed poison and M. Ohnet has made good use of the interval. Indeed, "Le Brasseur d'Affaires" is the best book he has produced since "Dette de Haine" and certainly the gayest. If we are amazed at M. Ohnet's gaiety, we are also amazed at the improvement of his style. He has almost lost his love of stereotyped phrases, forsaken those pages of purposeless dialogues; and he has evidently studied his characters. Dartigues—the rogue who wished to reform—is an admirable creation, and his adopted daughter, Bella, has not inherited the absolute mediocrity of her predecessors. The remaining rogues are far more life-like than those in "La Ténébreuse": they are in quest of infinitely more exciting stuff than powder. And then the love-affair of the long-lost son and Bella is the most charming of romances. As "Le Brasseur d'Affaires" is now in its twenty-ninth edition, M. Ohnet will no doubt be encouraged to follow up his adventurers, and perhaps surpass himself in gaiety in his next volume. He has certainly "scored". He has almost succeeded in making us forget and forgive him his past productions.

Les Nouvelles Amériques. Par Georges Aubert. Paris: Flammarion: 1901. 4f.

The book opens with a photograph of the author in a frock coat, "double" collar, his hands clasped loosely behind his back. His moustache is slight, his expression is ineffable; he dedicates his volume to the friend who accompanied him on his travels, and then begins by announcing that "it is midnight". No less than 435 pages follow, and M. Georges Aubert tells us so much about himself that we have already had enough of him when he arrives in New York. We are not interested in his cabin in the "Deutschland", nor in the price he paid for it. We care nothing about his clothes, his appetite, and are not at all glad to hear that he ate heartily during a storm. It does not excite us to hear that he can play chess, that he "is now going to bed"—but we venture to say that it is high time, for, judging by the length and stupidity of the first pages of his diary, it must be very late. From M. Aubert's gossip of the two or three millionaires on board, we imagine that he must have watched them closely, even followed them detective-like about. An heiress also attracts his attention, and here his diary displays vulgarity. As a punishment, we think he ought to have been indefinitely detained at the Customs House. In New York, we yawn. In Chicago, we almost fall asleep; wearily do we drag ourselves across Mexico and Cuba. At last, in Havana, we can bear it no longer, and without the slightest compunction, loudly proclaiming that a more elegant expression would not illustrate the way in which we vanish—we give M. Georges Aubert and his friend the slip.

Fiancée d'Outre-Mer. Par Daniel Lesueur. Paris: Lemerre. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Of course the heroine of M. Daniel Lesueur's charming story is an American, and naturally she falls in love with a Frenchman. We say "naturally", because in early days she laughed at the idea of marrying out of her own country. Still, she has French blood in her, and that no doubt accounts for the willingness with which she accepts handsome Max Cleriot's advances. Unlike the brilliant author of "Ève Victorieuse" and "Noblesse Américaine", M. Lesueur does not believe that novels should contain exhaustive analysis of character. He refrains from being profound: is, above all things, simple.

(Continued on page 56.)

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Much of Marguerite Fanteuil's love-affair is disclosed through her correspondence with an aunt in America, and she writes blithely, clearly, without ever giving way to emotion. In fact, her aim in life is not to assert her "independence" like most young American women, foolishly protecting her "rights" and holding forth on "equality". Three shorter stories follow: "Périd d'Amour", "Justice Mondaine", and "Une Mère"; and all are admirably constructed.

Perversités. Par Maxime Formont. Paris: Lemerre. 1901. 3f. 50c.

It is M. Maxime Formont's way to choose as his characters Parisiennes in their most emotional and capricious moods, and to make them commit all kinds of follies. Still, M. Formont often saves what might be an offensive situation by a burst of satire or humour, or at the most critical moment leaves you to guess what followed. In the present volume, a duchess is abandoned as the demi-mondaines, and we are expected to be entertained by the amazing precocity of three or four "jeunes filles".

Dans le Monde des Réprouvés: Souvenirs du Baigne Sibérien Par L. Melchine. Translated from the Russian by Jules Legras. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition. 1901. 3f. 50c.

From the preface to this painful volume we learn that M. Melchine, "a poet of great talent", was banished as a prisoner to Siberia for having been one of the leaders of "La Ligue Révolutionnaire de la Jeunesse". Fourteen of his confrères were condemned with him, but he alone has survived the appalling hardships and suffering experienced by them during their exile. It is impossible here to give an idea of M. Melchine's harrowing story, but his agony at being separated from civilisation may be imagined from this short passage which describes his departure:—"Je me rappelle encore nettement le jour de mon départ ou, pour mieux dire, une scène atroce qui accompagna mon départ. Ce jour-là, on ne permit pas à ma mère de me voir (j'avais pris congé d'elle, comme je l'ai dit déjà, la veille, le jour où l'on m'avait ferré). Le matin, de bonne heure, on me fit monter dans une voiture fermée, qui partit au grand trot pour la gare. Tout à coup, j'aperçus un spectacle étrange qui, positivement, me déchira le cœur. Près de la portière de la voiture qui allait grand train, je reconnus un visage cheri, que les efforts surhumains qu'il faisait pour paraître gai déformaient positivement; d'abord je pensai être en proie à un rêve, à une hallucination. Mais, regardant de nouveau par la portière, je vis que c'était bien ma mère! Ma pauvre vieille mère malade, avec son visage rougi et de minces boucles blanches qui s'échappaient de sa coiffure, courait à côté de la voiture; elle courait, ne sentant plus ses jambes et, apparemment, n'éprouvant pas de fatigue; elle disait quelque chose en m'envoyant des baisers. . . . Pauvre mère! elle avait manqué l'instant où l'on m'avait fait monter en voiture, parce que, depuis le matin, elle était allée faire des démarches pour obtenir la permission de me voir (la veille, elle n'avait pu l'obtenir) et, voici que, maintenant, elle voulait racheter le crime de son retard, et, une fois encore, dire adieu au fils qu'elle aimait tant. Je lui fis signe de la main (et mon gardien, furieux, lui faisait signe également), la suppliant de s'arrêter, de ne pas nous torturer, elle et moi; mais, longtemps encore, elle continua à courir, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin, la fatigue la terrassant, la voiture s'éloigna d'elle pour toujours."

The following books will be noticed later on: "Le Sang de la Sirène" (Calmann Lévy); "Vie en Détresse" (Calmann Lévy); "La Force de Vivre" (Ollendorff); "Les Prolétaires Intellectuels" (Edition de "La Revue").

For This Week's Books see page 58.

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THE BODEGA COMPANY.

THE twenty-first ordinary general meeting of the members of the Bodega Company, Limited, was held on Monday, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. E. Wolseley (the chairman of the company).

Mr. D. H. Beardon (acting secretary) having read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said that, accustomed as they had become to the steady progress of the Bodega Company year by year, and its power of distributing equally steadily increasing dividends, he feared some disappointment would be felt at the result of the trading included in the balance-sheet. Unfortunately, this fate was by no means uncommon among those connected with industries of their class, nor had a curtailment of commercial success been peculiar to the wine and spirit trade for the past twelve months. The plain fact was that the protracted war in South Africa, with its inevitable result of increased taxation, has made itself felt throughout all the industries of the kingdom which do not depend for their subsistence on the supply of raw material. The loss of £2,000 in the net profits over last year was easily accounted for by the increase in the duties on champagne and light wines, of which this company was one of the largest purchasers, and not one penny piece of which was ever charged to the shareholders. With regard to what the directors have done during the last twelve months, first and foremost in importance comes the practical completion of the freehold property at Leeds. He was also able to inform them that they had renewed the lease for twenty-one years in the Jerusalem Chambers (Cornhill) Bodega, on the payment of a premium of £1,000. They had been able to renew their lease of the Mark Lane Bodega for a further period of eighteen years, without any further premium whatsoever. A lease has been acquired which will entail the opening of a new Bodega and restaurant near Ludgate Circus. The importance of getting this lease comes about owing to the agent in the Ludgate Arches Agency having demanded such discounts from his trading with them that in the total they would have amounted to considerably more than the wines sold to him. In consequence they declined his business on those terms, and forthwith set about to secure other premises, and it ended in their purchasing the Café de Paris premises, immediately opposite the old agency. From this they expect to derive considerable benefit. They would also be pleased to hear that the directors had secured a large freehold property in Nottingham, a business centre of the greatest importance, where they had long been anxious to establish a branch. They had also opened a new Bodega in Robertson Street, Hastings. They had now sown seeds from which they expected a harvest in the next year or two, and he had every reason to believe that the steady progress of the Bodega, after the war was over, and people were inclined to buy again, would be brought up to what it had been before, and that they would have a further increase in profit. The chairman concluded by formally proposing the adoption of the report and accounts, and the declaration of a dividend of 64 per cent. on the ordinary shares, making, with interim dividend, 9 per cent. for the year.

Mr. J. P. Rutherford seconded the motion, which, after a brief discussion, was unanimously agreed to.

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